TERMS IN ADVANCE One copy, four months, \$1.00.
One copy, one year . . 3.00.
Two copies, one year . . 5.00.

No. 119.

ON THE SANGAMON.

BY ST. ELMO.

Beautiful stream with your wavelets of blue, Beautiful stream with your wavelets of olde,
Bright as the stars you with smiles try to woo,
Pure as the snow in its feathery glow,
Gliding along with a murmuring flow;
Softly caressed by the verdure-crowned shores,
Linked with sweet perfume thy spirit adores;
Why does there float such a mystical pall
O'er all; o'er all?

The sun shines as bright, the birds sing as gay As they did that mellow autumnal day; The clouds float as free in their haven of blue, Fringed with rich colors of bright golden hue; The soft drowsy breath of the mellow air, Fantastic'ly murmurs a holy prayer; The violets drop in the verdant shade, And fade; and fade.

Beautiful stream, in the soft balmy night,
Your rippling waves are a source of delight,
Tossing in glee, while your flugers curl
Over the lilies, my sweet Peri pearl;
Far in the distance my heart turns to thee,
Beautiful stream in that wild Western sea,
But I hear the refrain of Memory's bell,
Farewell; farcwell!

ROYAL KEENE,

California Detective:

The Witches of New York.

A ROMANCE OF FOUR GIRLS' LIVES.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN, AUTHOR OF "OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON," "ACE
OF SPADES," "RED MAZEPPA," ETC.

[Note. The repeated and pressing calls for this romance have impelled the author to write it at this time when the interest is so general in the dramatic version. Although in some of its features resembling Osphan Nella, by Agile Penne—who, by permission, used certain leading incidents—it is essentially different from that attractive story.]

CHAPTER I. THE MISSING WILL.

In the richly-furnished parlor of a stately brown-stone-front palace on Fifth avenue, near Thirtieth street, one bright morning in the month of March, in the year eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, sat a brother and

David and Clara Van Rensselaer were the descendants of one of the old patroon families. Their blue eyes and flaxen-colored hair betrayed the German blood, still coursing in their veins, though two hunome and gone since the first of the Van Rensselaer family, a stripling of twenty, in wooden shoes and sad colored doublet, had sailed from the land of Holland to seek for fortune in the New World.

The German lad of stolid face and plod ding brain built up a fortune, a family, and left to his heirs a princely estate.

The family of Van Rensselaer flourished

like a green bay tree, and, like the tree, it branched forth.

Philip Van Rensselaer, the father of David and Clara, and one of the descendants of the old patroon, had died just four years before the time at which our story commences. To his children he had left an

David Van Rensselaer was five and twenty years of age, his sister two years

David was a handsome fellow, with his clear-cut, resolute features—still betraying the impress that the stolid German lad had given unto his descendants—and his crisp curling yellow hair, and keen blue eyes just about the medium size in hight, and with a form which gave promise of fine

physical strength. Clara, his sister, was a beautiful blonde; the only blemish to her beauty was the lack of life-of animation in her face. Her features were too regular—too much of the wax-doll and too little of the woman.

The girl sat by the window in a low easy-chair, reading the last new novel. David held the morning paper in his hand, but his attention was not given to the printed page, although his eyes were

fixed upon it. Suddenly, with a restless motion, he rose from his seat, laid the newspaper upon the center-table, and paced slowly, with a thoughtful look upon his face, up and down the room.

Clara, deeply interested in her book, gave no heed to her brother's movement.

David paused suddenly before Clara, drew a chair up to her side, and sat down in it.

"Clara," he said, "lay down your novel for a moment; I have something important to say to you.

With an air of resignation the girl laid

the book down upon her lap and raised her eyes to her brother's face.

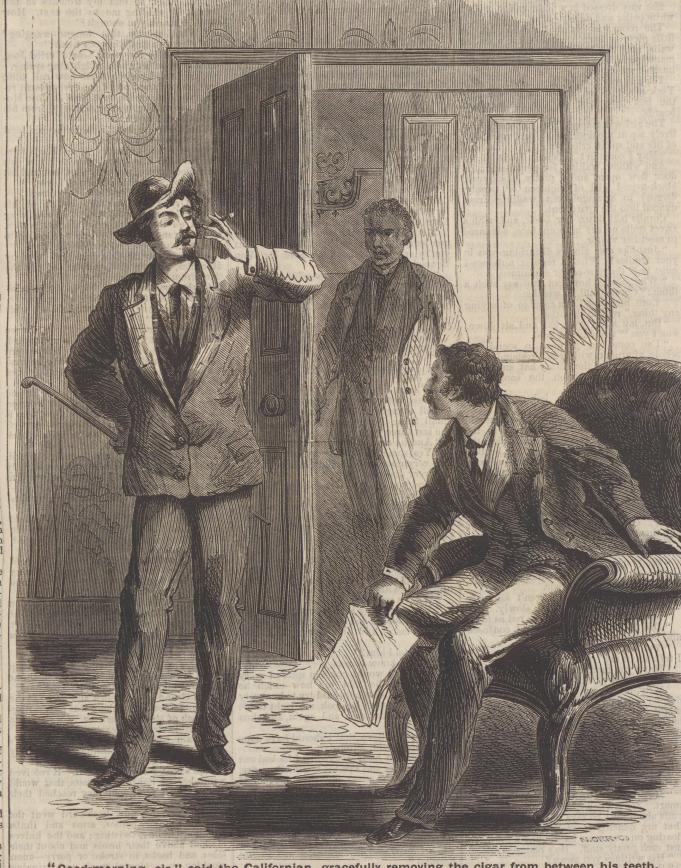
"Very well," she replied; "I am all attention, but please don't bother me with any of your dry business details."

"What I have to say to you, Clara, will, I feer prove any thing but dry or uninter.

I fear, prove any thing but dry or uninter-esting. Now then, listen to me attentively. You know that, about four years ago, our father died and left us all his property amounting, in round figures, to about a

hundred thousand dollars?" "Why, of course I know that," the girl replied, pettishly. "Didn't I wear mourning for nearly a year, although it was dreadfully unbecoming to me? Of course I don't complain of it, for when one loses a father, one is expected to show a proper degree of

"You know that? Now, I am going to tell you something that you don't know.



"Good-morning, sir," said the Californian, gracefully removing the cigar from between his teeth.

Our father left us all his property—a hundred thousand dollars; that is, the law gave to us as his only heirs, as he left no

"Well, I know that too," said the girl, quickly. "I'm sure you and the lawyers explained all that to me long ago. Why do you wish to revive the matter?" "Wait," David said, quietly. "The property came to us because there was no will."

"But there was a will."

Clara opened her blue eyes wide in astonishment 'Our father left a will behind him.

year after his death I found a draft of it among some of his old papers. That was among some of his old papers. That was three years ago. The will gives fifty thousand dollars to us, and fifty thousand dollars to one Alice Gordon Van Rensselaer, his eldest child."

"His eldest child?" exclaimed the girl, in utter astonishment.

Yes; our father was married twice. We are the children of his second wife. This Alice, the child spoken of in the will, s the child of his first wife, whom he married secretly at a little country village called Sandy Creek, in the upper part of this State. I discovered all this from some old letters that were tied up with the draft of the will. The child Alice is not known as Van Rensselaer, but by her mother's family name of Gordon. There was some dark mystery connected with our father's first marriage, or he would not have so carefully concealed it from the world."

"And you discovered all this three years ago?" Clara asked, in wonder.
"Yes."

"But you never said a word about it."
"But I acted, though," David replied, with a quict smile. "The moment I discovered the existence of the will, and of the child Alice, I consulted a private detective officer-one Mr. Sharpe, whose office was on Broadway. I employed him to find out all the particulars concerning the girl." "But I never heard of this before."

"No; I kept the affair secret. The detective dispatched a messenger to Sandy Creek, with instructions to find out all the particulars concerning the girl. The mes-senger went and returned. By the way, do you remember the visit of a certain gentleman called Royal Keene here, just about three years ago?"

A flush swept over Clara's cheek at the

question. "Of course I remember it," she replied, evidently annoyed. "The dissipated wretch looked as if he had slept all night in the gutter. He was very saucy too. Said that I was the cause of his ruin—that I loved his father's fortune and not him, and had discarded him because his father died bank-

rupt."
"That was his last visit here?"

"Yes; I have never seen the horrid wretch since." "Well, that same Royal Keene was the detective's messenger to Sandy Creek. His visit here was to deliver unto me the information that he had gained. I was thun-derstruck when I learned his business. From his knowledge of our family affairs, the information he gained at Sandy Creek put him in possession of the important se-cret that there was another heir to the Van Rensselaer estate. The knowledge which accident had thus thrown in his way he proposed to use as a weapon against us. Fortune plays strange tricks sometimes in this world. This Keene had been picked up out of the gutter by the detective officer, Sharpe, who had been well acquainted with his father. Out of charity he employed him, so as to keep him out of the poor-house. Thinking my business of little importance, he had sent him on it, and thus placed in

his hands a terrible weapon."

"But all this was three years ago and he has never made use of his knowledge," Clara said.

"Simply because I beat him at his own game," David replied, in his cold, quiet way.
"He was willing to sell the secret cheap, or rather sell his silence concerning it. He had an idea that the marriage of our father

and mother was not legal; I confess I can not understand why he should have any such idea, but he had; and as he supposed our father had died without leaving a will by producing this girl he could rob us of all our fortune. What price do you suppose he asked?"

"I can't guess," Clara replied. "Ten thousand dollars and your hand in

Clara looked at her brother in blank mazement. "He wanted to marry you, and thus re-

venge the slight that you had put upon him."
"The horrid wretch!" cried the girl, in a

passion.

"Luckily I was prepared for him. The same turn of Fortune's wheel which gave the precious information to him, gave to me a slip of paper—a draft for a hundred dollars, bearing my name, which he in a drunk-en fit had forged. He borrowed a small sum of money from a Jew diamond-broker on Broadway, and deposited the draft as seon Broadway, and deposited the draft as se-curity, promising to redeem it in a certain time. The Jew guessed that the check was worthless, but thought that, rather than run the risk of being accused of forgery, Keene would take it up. He failed to do so, and the Jew brought the draft to me. He knew that Keene had been intimate with me, and thought that I would be glad to cover up the consequence of his folly. Of course I readily bought the precious slip of paper. So you see I had two weapons to use against him. First, the draft of our father's will he, of course, thinking that I had the will itself in my possession, and could produce it at any moment. That proved that we could retain half the property, even if the girl was brought forward. Second, the forged draft. We came to a speedy understanding, and I visited his rooms that night. I used my wits and succeeded in gaining possession of the two important papers concerning the heir which he had secured at Sandy Creek; a record of baptism and the marriage certificate of the mother. I left Keene in a drunken stupor on the floor, and

that very night the shanty caught fire and burned to the ground."

"And this wretch, Keene?" asked the "Perished in the flames!" David replied.

"When I arrived at home the same evening, I immediately burned the two papers that I had secured, thus destroying all chance of the girl ever being able to prove her identity." But if our father made a will, who has

"That is a question that has puzzled me for three years. If the will was in existence, why should any one hesitate to produce it, our father being dead and his estate settled

"I can't guess."
"The answer to the question came this very morning."
Clara looked bewildered.

"This morning?" she said, astonished.
"Yes; that is the reason why I have spoken about the matter. Affairs are getting serious, sister; the chances are ten to one that we shall lose half of our property." "How dreadful!" Clara exclaimed.

"Not a pleasant prospect, truly; the time has come, though, when we must prepare ourselves for the struggle."

"You do not intend to give up half of our fortune, do you, David?" Clara asked, in a dismal, helpless sort of way.

"Not if I can help it," he replied, his keen, blue eyes gleaming. Two points are in our favor: first, the heir may be dead—'tis three years since I heard of her; second, we are in processed on the second we are in the research of the second. in possession, and possession is nine points of the law. But in order that you shall fully understand the situation, listen while I

CHAPTER II.

THE CALIFORNIA DETECTIVE. DAVID drew a letter from his pocket. Clara then remembered that he had receiv-

ed it that very morning.

Van Rensselaer opened the letter and read it aloud:

read it aloud:

"My DEAR SIR:

"I am an old l'iend of your father, and have been absent in India for five years. On my return I found at my home in Buffalo a package addressed to me by your father. On opening it I found that it contained his will, with a request that I should produce it at his death, which, he further added, I might expect to hear of at any moment. This letter, you must remember, was written to me by your father nearly five years ago, and has remained at my home in Buffalo, waiting my return. This fact, you will perceive, accounts for the long delay. I sincerely regret it. I shall be in New York, via the Hudson River Railway, Wednesday afternoon. Should be pleased to meet you at the depot, as I am quite a stranger in the city. I inclose carte.

"ELIZUR HARTRIGHT."

"ELIZUR HARTRIGHT."

"Why, how strange!" exclaimed Clara; "it seems more like a romance than a real-

ity."
"Truth is stranger than fiction," David answered. "You see the mystery regarding the will is explained now. Our father evidence in the event of his suddently feared that, in the event of his sudden death, I might find the will and destroy it; so he sent it to his old friend."

It will be horrid to give up the money,' Clara said, reflectively. Yes, but we have not given it up yet," the brother replied, meaningly; "nor do I intend to without a struggle."

"That's right; think of some way to retain it. Why, David, I should really feel poor with only fifty thousand dollars." A ring at the door-bell interrupted the

Clara rose languidly.

"That must be Adolphus," she said. "He promised to escort me down town this morn-

"Lawrence, ch? By the by, Clara, are you in love with Lawrence?" David asked.
"I really don't know," she replied, doubtfully; "I don't know whether I am or not. He's very rich, or his father is—it's the same

thing Yes, you had better secure him, Clara; he'll have about two hundred thousand when his father dies."

"Oh, there will not be any difficulty about securing him," Clara answered, confidently. "Whenever he hasn't any thing else to say and is at a loss for words, he always offers me his hand and heart, and then tells me what a beautiful pair of long-tailed ponies he brought from Europe," and with a wry face, she left the room.

David leaned his cheek upon his hand, and with contracted brows, gazed upon the open letter that he held within his grasp. The old man must be robbed of the

he murmured, slowly, communing will." with himself; "the precious paper must be destroyed; and yet my agency in the affair must not appear—must not even be suspected. How can it be accomplished?" Thoughtfully the young man pondered over the difficult question.

'By Jove!" he cried at length, "I have it! I have solved the riddle. I'll get some cool, sharp fellow to meet him at the depot, tell him that I have gone out of town, and take him to a hotel. When he is fairly housed, I'll think of further action. That will shall never see the light of a probate court.'

A servant entered the room with a card

on a salver. Van Rensselaer read the name:

"James Bright, California."
"The gemman's at the door, sar," the

servant said.

"James Bright," David said, reflectively.
"I don't know any one by that name. Did
he say that he wished to see me in person?"

"Yes, sar; on very 'ticular business,

"Show him in, then." "Yes, sar.

The servant withdrew.
"What the deuce can this Mr. Bright want with me, I wonder?" David said, as he awaited his visitor.

The servant conducted the stranger into

the room; then withdrew and closed the door belind him.

Mr. James Bright was a man apparently about thirty years of age, with an oval, Italian sort of face, a quick black eye, high cheek-bones, and a square-set, resolute chin. He was dressed in a dark velvet suit, a white sombrero pulled carelessly over his brows, and a fragrant "Henry Clay" cigar between his receiver any white testification.

between his regular, white teeth.

The whole appearance of the man was cool, careless, reckless—a fair type of the modern Californian, the child of the Sierras, of the rocky gulch and stone-ribbed

'Good-morning, sir," said the Californian, gracefully, removing the eigar from between his teeth and pouring forth a vol-

Van Rensselaer started to his feet in utter amazement; his face was white-the blood had forsaken the cheeks, and his eyes glared as if he gazed upon a specter rather than on

a human like to himself. The Californian never noticed the agitation of the other, but placed his cigar again between his teeth and was speedily envelop-

ing himself in a cloud of smoke.
"That face—those eyes!" muttered Van Rensselear, in utter bewilderment; "the very voice too. Can the dead have returned to life? It is not possible." With a powerful effort he roused himself from his stupor. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, aloud, addressing his visitor. "Your name is Bright ?"

James Bright, late of Calaveras county, California," replied the stranger, bowing

Again the familiar voice struck on the "It can not be," he muttered, with a nervous motion, pushing back the flaxen curls that clustered on his brow. "It is but a strong resemblance. You wish to see me, sir ?" he said, again addressing the Califor-

Yes, I've come some little distance expressly to see you," the stranger replied.
"Come some little distance?"

A trifle-about three thousand miles,' Mr. Bright said, carelessly.

You have some business with me, then? "You bet!" replied the stranger, tersely. "Explain your business, sir."
"Hadn't you better ask a fellow to take

a chair in your ranche, David?" Van Rensselaer started as though he had received an electric shock. If the stranger had stricken him in the face he could not have astonished him more than by the sim-

ple utterance of his name. "It is he," he muttered, beneath his breath; "by some strange chance of fortune he escaped from the cage of fire. He lives to call me to a reckoning."

"Are you talking to yourself or to me?"

asked the Californian, between two great puffs of smoke. 'You are no stranger to me!' cried Van

Rensselaer, suddenly.

"Of course not: haven't I introduced myself? Got my card in your paw now."
"Oh! I know you!" cried Van Rensselaer, fiercely, an evil light shining in his

eyes.
"Of course you do: James Bright, late of Calaveras county, California, ex-lawyer, exactor, and present detective officer.' "But I can call you by another name!"

Van Rensselaer exclaimed. hat is very likely

"You are Royal Keene!"
"Oh, am I?" and the Californian looked at the New Yorker with an expression of wonder upon his face.

"Deception is useless; I recognize you, although you have changed greatly. You are the man I take you for."

"Now, don't ask me any questions because I hate to tell lies," said the stranger,

coolly; "but, since you are really so anxious to know who and what I am, I'll corral a chair and talk to you." And even as he spoke the Californian coolly wheeled an easy-chair to the side of the center-table and sat down in it, still, however, keeping his hat upon his head and his cigar alight. His mission was not one of peace, and he

openly showed the signs of hostility Van Rensselaer, leaning upon the back of one of the large chairs, his face deadly pale, save where a hectic fever-spot burned in either cheek, awaited the speech of expla-

nation. As you have guessed-for between you and I, I think that you are about the most sagacious gentleman that I have ever seen —you and I are old acquaintances," began the stranger, in his cool, easy way; "I won't say friends, because I don't really think that there was ever much friendship between us. Three years ago I was a poor miserable devil. I'll tell you how I became so; how a Harvard student became a drunken lawyer. You and I were chums together at college; those days over, in the city we were apparently fast friends. I was your sister's lover, an accepted one too. Then my father died. Like many another man who has held up his head high in this great city, he died almost a beggar. His plendid income he had spent as fast as he had received it. I woke one morning and found myself master of just one thousand dollars and no more. Foolishly I confided the truth to you—told you how small was the sum that I possessed. Friend-like you suggested a way to increase the sum. plied me with liquor, then took me to a aming-room on Twenty-third street. I hadn't any idea then that you, the wealthy, aristocratic David Van Rensselaer, was a silent partner in that gilded hell. When morning came I left that house a ruined man-a drunken beggar. Ten hours afterward you coolly informed me that, as I was penniless, I was no match for your sister, and that henceforth we must be as strangers to each From that moment I went down the ladder of degradation rapidly-champagne gave place to whisky, the fashionable club-room to the corner grocery. I managed to keep myself from starvation by pleading for the poor devils-even more wretched than myself—who were brought up before the Tombs Police Court. Then Fortune threw a chance for vengeance in my way I got hold of certain papers concerning you estate. You came to my house for those papers. Again you played the rogue. You dosed me with drugged brandy, then stole the papers; in stealing them you took a human life—that of my poor companion, O'Kale; he detected you in your crime and you struck

him down like a dog. Through a crack in the wall, drugged as I was, I witnessed the the wall, drugged as I was, I witnessed the tragedy, saw your knife crimsoned with his blood. Then to cover up your crime you set fire to the empty store below; you intended that both I and your senseless victim should perish in the flames. It was a scheme worthy of your heart of iron, but Heaven willed that I should escape. That happened just three years ago, and for these three years, day by day, almost hour by hour, have I thought of vengeance. The time has come at last. I have returned to New York to place the hangman's noose around your neck."

CHAPTER III.

THE ACTRESS AT HOME. In the front room of a modest little twostory brick house on Twenty-second street, near Sixth avenue, a tall young girl was pacing up and down, an open book in her

She was very pretty with her large, clear,

gray-blue eyes, her golden-brown hair and her pure red and white complexion. There was a sad look, though, to the fair young face, and once in a while a vacant expression in the lustrous eyes, which be-trayed that there was something wanting

to complete the girl's happiness.

She was dressed in a plain calico, with a white collar and dainty cuffs. The room was plainly furnished, but the

little pictures hung here and there upon the walls, and the little ornaments upon the mantelpiece, lent an air of refinement to the humble apartment. The girl was Coralie, the actress. Coralie York as she called herself in private life; the last new face on the metropolitan

boards.

The girl was roused from her study by a lively tap at the door, and a pert voice, full of life and spirit, cried out:

"May I come in? It's only Katie!"

And without waiting for permission, the door flew open, and a pretty black-eyed, black-haired girl of eighteen or twenty, dressed in a magnificent walking-dress, danced into the apartment.

danced into the apartment.

Coralie laid down her book, and, with a sweet smile on her innocent face, advanced

to meet her visitor. "Just like me; always disturbing you in your studies! What a regular nuisance I must be!" the new-comer exclaimed.

"Why, Katie, how can you say such a thing?" Coralie said, in wonder. "Lord bless you! I'm capable of saying

any thing," replied the other.
"But, lay aside your hat and sit down, won't you?" the actress asked.

"I've come on purpose to spend the whole afternoon with you," responded the visitor, removing the dainty hat and flinging it, carelessly, upon the snow-white counterpane of the bed.

The black-eyed little lady demands a brief notice at our bands. brief notice at our hands. Katie Blake, a daughter of the Emerald

Isle, was better known, however, to the world at large as Mademoiselle Heloise, the famous French danseuse, one of the leading lights of the Black Crook ballet—a lively, dashy girl, full of animal spirits, and over-

dashy girl, full of animal spirits, and overflowing with good-humor.

"I'm so glad," said Coralie, quickly; "I
get very lonely sometimes."

"Why, don't your beau come to see you
often?" cried Katie, in her impetuous way,
and then suddenly stopped, in confusion.

Coralie blushed to her temples, and the
soft eyes were cast upon the ground.

"Well, there, I didn't mean that. I'm
real sorry. I'm always making such blunders," Katie said, in despair.

"Why, I'm sure you haven't said any

ders," Katie said, in despair.

"Why, I'm sure you haven't said any thing wrong," Coralie replied, slowly.

"But, you colored up just as red as fire."

"Did I?" and the girl looked confused

Yes, but you're so different to me. Now I talk about my beaus with everybody."
"Have you more than one?" Coralie asked, in amazement.

"Why, bless your little heart, Pve got a dozen!" replied Kate, triumphantly. "I might have double that number if I liked, but it's too much trouble to take care of "And do you like them all, equally well?"
"Oh, no!" cried the dancing girl, quick-

ly; "there isn't one of them that I like like Ah, Joe is the favored one, then? "He's such a good fellow—and he's so mart. Joe is a newspaper man. He writes puffs about me; he says that I am an angel

that my dancing is as light as a rose-leaf floating on a summer breeze, and a lot more just such pretty stuff. He's real sweet. "His writings you mean?"
"Both!" Katie responded, emphatically

but he don't always write pretty. writes about murders and prize-fights, and elections, and all such things. "What paper is he attached to?"
"All of 'em," replied Katie, briskly; "it

don't matter to him which one, as long as he gets a good price; as he said, it's a most astonishing thing, the worse the newspaper, the higher the price. And he goes and in-terviews people, too, and gets kicked down-"Why, how dreadful that must be!" in-

terrupted Coralie. "Oh, he says that he don't mind it now, if the stairs ain't too long; he's got used to it. In fact, he says that he is disappointed if he doesn't get kicked out, because it makes such a good finish to the article. But, what

are you studying, dear?" Juliet.' "Oh, that dreadful, love-sick thing! Why, they're not going to play that, are

"No; I am only studying it for my own amusei

Well, I thought so, for Joe says that it's well, thought so, for Joe says that it's no use playing Shakespeare nowadays—that he's too slow for the present age—that they want Black Crooks, clog dances and red fire; that the public understand that sort of

"I suppose he knows; but the language is beautiful," Coralie said, enthusiasm light-

ing her pale face.
"Yes, but it's too slow. How much salary do you get a week?" Katie asked, "Thirty dollars."

"And I get a hundred," exclaimed the dancing-girl, triumphantly. "You use your brains, and I use my toes, there's the differ-But, Coralie, don't you ever have any one come to see you—any young gen-tleman, I mean?" Katie asked, with a cunning glance at the crimsoning face of the young actress. "Come, puss, tell the truth." "Yes—some one used to come to see me—but he doesn't come now," she added quickly, her soft eyes bent on the ground.

"But what?"

"I didn't love him."

Why doesn't he come now?"
I—I don't know," Coralie said, shyly.
Didn't you like to have him come?" Yes-but-

But you liked him a little?" "Bet you a pair of gloves, you dear old sweetness, that I can tell who it was !" cried Katie, stealing her arm around the waist of

her friend "Oh, no!" exclaimed Coralie, in astonishnt. "I know you can not." David Van Rensselaer!"

The young girl started in astonishment and her face grew white as a sheet.

"How did you guess that?" she asked, her lips trembling, and the tear-drops standing in her large eyes.

"Don't be worried, dear," said Katie,

caressingly, kissing the smooth cheek of the other. "Joe told me that he was an admirer of yours; that's the way I knew." You know that, with the exception of

Doctor Warne, I haven't a single friend. It was the doctor that introduced Mr. Van Rensselaer to me, and since his death he has seemed quite near to me.' "Are you sure that you don't love him, you dear old girl?" Kate asked, smoothing

back the golden-brown hair from the forehead. "Yeş, I am sure."

"Well, if you don't love him, I wouldn't have him come to see you any more." Why not?"

"Because Joe says that he speaks about visiting you in public, and he ought not to do that." "I did not believe that he would do such a thing," Coralie said, slowly.

"You know people do talk so dreadfully about us who are on the stage. Of course they don't dare to talk about me, because almost everybody knows that Joe and I are

engaged."
"Why, Joe wouldn't get into a quarrel?" "Oh, no, not into a regular fight, my dear; he knows better than that. When he gets into a quarrel, he always goes and hires the biggest man he can find to do his fighting for him. He says it's much more gentlemanly than to fight himself. But you're sure that you don't love Mr. Van Rensselaer?"

"Yes, I am sure, because—"
"Because— Oh! you've got a secret!
Now, if you don't tell it to me instantly I'll bite your little finger off!"
"Because I love some one else," and

Coralie hid her face on her friend's shoulder. "How nice!" exclaimed Katie, sympathy in her voice; "and who is it, and where is

'I don't know; I haven't seen him for three years."

"What a long time!"

"Yes; before I went on the stage, I used to sell oranges in the street; I was quite

small then; I have grown much taller in the last three years."

"And he used to buy your oranges?"

"Yes, sometimes, not very often, for he was very poor and couldn't afford it. He was very dissipated, too."

"And you loved him in spite of it?" asked Katie, in wonder.

"Yes; I couldn't help it. Oh, Katie, you don't know how fascinating he was! There

was something about him that made me love him, in spite of myself. I used to live right opposite to him; and one night I went over to carry an orange to him, and we had a long talk together. He refused to accept my orange as a present, but offered to pay me with a kiss!"

"What a sensible fellow!"

"Yes, and in my lips he must have read my heart, for he led me on, little by little, until, at last, I told him how much I loved

You told him ?" "Yes; I know it was very unmaidenly. but the truth would come in spite of every thing. Then he told me how much he loved me, and that he would try to be steady for my sake; then he took me right to his heart, kissed me again and again, and then I ran away."
"I don't believe that I should have done

that," Katie said, seriously. "About an hour afterward I looked out of the window and saw his house all on fire. I ran across the street, unlocked the door of his room—it was locked on the outside—and found him lying senseless on the floor. I dragged him right through the flames into the street. I don't know what gave me the strength and courage, but I did it; then there was a crash, the wall fell; and when I recovered my senses, I was in the

And the young man?" "I don't know whether he is alive or dead," the girl replied, sadly.

"But you love his memory though?"
"Yes."

The door opened, and a servant an-

'Mr. Van Rensselaer wishes to see you. Miss Coralie." (To be continued.)

The Fire-Fiends of Chicago. A REVELATION OF THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION. BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED,"
"BLACK CRESCENT," "BLACK HAND," ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII. THE DUEL AND THE DEATH,

THE solitary occupant of the large house situated near Union Park paced to and fro for a long time, brooding over the occur-rences of the past few hours, and cursing his apparent ill-luck with voluble vehe-

Soon the pain in his ankles became so intense that he was obliged to throw himself As he sat there the moments multiplied. The night was advancing rapidly, yet he

But, deep as were his cloudy meditations, he started when the sound of a faint, cautious footstep fell upon his ear.

He listened. Some one was in the entry—they approached the parlor.

He looked guickly up, and what he converged.

He looked quickly up; and what he saw was so unexpected and significant, that all his effort at self-control could not check the exclamation of surprise on his lips, the thrill of uneasiness in his heart.
"Jose Moreno! You here!"

The Spaniard stood in the doorway. A smile that was devilish parted his lips, showing his white, regular, glistening teeth; a look that was strange made his small, dark eyes glance with a fiery sparkle; and while he met the other's gaze, there rustled from his tongue's end, half-hissing, half-

"Yes, I am here. Can you guess what death. brings me?"
"I am no guesser—nor am I a fool! Begone! You have no business in this hous

"A man's business sometimes forces him to unpleasant places and to unpleasant duties. And I am here on business—with you."
"Begone, I say!"

"Slowly—slowly, Carl Grand. Let me tell you something: Jose Moreno was once your affectionate dog—he used to do your bidding for the money and smiles of approval you paid him. He helped you to kill Evard Greville. He helped you to kill Nelson Greville—and after the last, you thought you would kill Jose Moreno, to be rid of him. Is it not so? When I first came here to night I told you your day of reckoning might not be far off. Then you shot at me a few hours ago in the tunnel. have a bullet of yours in my shoulder! Madre! but you are generous—you have sought twice to end my troubles in this world, by sending me to the next. How am I to thank you enough?"
"What means this tongue-wagging?

Ha! there's a knife in your hand!"
"And it is for your heart!" cried Jose,
darting upon him with a lightning spring. Carl Grand (as we shall now call him) had grasped the butt of his ever-present re-But, ere he could use it, Jose Moreno was on him, and knocked it from his

hand beyond reach.

The knife circled through the air, and fairly whizzed in its descent By guarding promptly with his left arm, the deadly aim was turned; then his knuckles cracked as they shot out and hit the angry Spaniard between the eyes.

Jose staggered, but did not go down.

As Grand repelled the attack of his enemy, his eye caught sight of a shining object on the carpet, near his feet, which, notwithstanding all his recent moving to and fro, had remained unseen till now. It was the knife that had been used by

Hercules, in our first chapter, to cut the flesh from Hermoine's brow. With a cry, he sprung forward and gain-ed possession of the weapon before Jose recovered from the blow that had been dealt

They were now evenly matched; for we have said that Carl Grand was no coward, and his unyielding nature made him a stern antagonist for the man who faced him, mad for vengeance, and enraged at the defeat of his first trick.

Now, then, Jose Moreno, we are armed alike!" the young man ground out between his teeth. "Come on! and we'll see who is the quickest on muscle. You know me well enough—know that I never turned my back to an enemy. Come on, then-come

The speaker's body was leaning forward, with right limb to the front, knee slightly bent, every muscle in his frame schooled to steel-like elasticity, and weapon ready.

He glared defiantly at his foe, and waited

for him to close The Spaniard was calm—the only sign of the fire and hate which was consuming him visible in the snaky eyes, that were fixed, hard and glittering, on Carl Grand.

Not a word more passed while they eyed each other for several seconds; during which time Jose took off his short coat and wrapped it carefully round his left arm.

Then he planted himself in a position much like that assumed by Grand; but he was not stationary; by a motion of the feet, that scarce disturbed the body, he drew

nearer, inch by inch. Grand clutched the knife-hilt firmer Nearer came Jose. Suddenly, with a snap of his jaws and drawing a short breath, he launched himself, headlong, into the duel. Carl Grand struck quick and fierce at the ing clash of steel, a spark or two, and then the terrible struggle began. In vain each tried to seize the other's knife-hand; and, meantime, many ugly wounds were exchanged.

Jose's coat served him well. It received a number of lightning thrusts, that would have proven fatal had they reached their

Now forward, now backward went the two men, their bodies, arms and limbs bending, circling, twisting; and the knives clashed above their heads and about their sides and backs, in stroke or parry-anon reaching an accidental mark and wringing a curse or a groan from the lips of the unfortunate or Presently they tripped over a chair, and

Satan favored Jose Moreno, for, as they went down, Carl Grand was undermost, and Jose's knife, which was beneath him, pierced deep into his left side.

A shriek of agony rung through the house,

as that sharp point entered the vitals of the

worsted man; and the Spaniard tottered to his feet, and sunk onto the sofa, gasping for breath, and bleeding from a dozen cuts But through all the smear of blood upon his face, there was a hideous expression of Carl Grand, his hated enemy,

When he had somewhat recovered himself, he raised the red-stained corpse in his arms, and walked hastily from the room, in the direction of the cellar stairway. He knew that there was an old well in the

was dead.

cellar-one that was long neglected and had been boarded over years ago He meant to consign the body to this

When he had descended, he searched carefully about, feeling with his feet.

In a few moments he stood upon the Then a wild cry escaped him. The timber was rotten and weak, and ere he could retreat it gave way, and he was precipitated into the black pit in company with his

ghastly burden. Another cry, a yell of terror and dismay, and Jose Moreno had perished in the very hour of his triumph.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST HOUR.

HERCULES regained his feet, and muttered a dire imprecation as he glared in the direction of the door.

The blow he had received had injured him in no way, save in climaxing the inten-tion of his enemies, to make him prisoner. "Hurl! Hurl!" little Carl wentured to

speak, when he saw that the Hunchback was not harmed. "Are you hurt, boy? Rise up-there-

no, you are sound."
"I'm not hurt, but I'm frightened," said the boy.
"No matter; while I am with you, you

are safe enough—unless they starve us to death. They dare not come in here where I am. And where are we? What is this dark

place?"
"We are trapped, child," adding half aloud: "May the infernal fires burn that hag! Why was I so blind? why did I not stop to reckon my danger? Did you see who struck me?" the last to Carl.
"Yes—it was the same wicked man who carried me off to-night, when they came to Luck house and had a fight—"

Lu's house, and had a fight-"They were Jose Moreno and the wretch Miguel!" broke in Hercules. Then he hung his head in thought. "Perdition! I am caught, indeed! Lala will have my life because I killed the Quadroon wife of her child; while I—I would sacrifice my eyes, if I could get rid of the bloody vision that has haunted me ever since I—but, there, there! I will not torture myself, for it is no use. Those Spaniards! They would kill me because they fear me. How will they do it? Some way. And this poor boy! Why should he die? Is there no escape?"

about; but there was no hope in what he The door was of stout timber-the lock arranged so that he could not get at it. The windows were barred heavily; the skylight was far beyond reach of his best leap, and the room was bare of every thing that could

As he questioned himself, he glanced

assist him. He began pacing the narrow limit of his prison, with quick, long strides; grinding his teeth together, cursing his enemies, and snarling like an angry animal in its cramp-

Carl retired to a corner, and sat down upon the floor. He watched this strange man, with his large, blue eyes opened wide, and silent in a sort of awe. Pretty soon there was a rap on the panel,

and a rough voice shouted: 'Ho, there, Hunchback! how is it now-It was Miguel. After Jose's departure, he and the crone went to the door to tanta-

The Spaniard, being well assured that there was no danger to be apprehended, grew very bold, and he rapped spitefully with his knuckles, as he called. Hercules

was enraged.
"Begone from there, you dog!" he cried

back.

"Dog, yourself!" retorted Miguel, "for you are mad as with hydrophobia, and only dogs have it! I fancy I see the froth at your lips! ho!—and the green in your eyes! Your long teeth are ready to bite the first you can! Hear! You are the dog! What do you think of yourself, crookback? Do you know me? It is I, Miguel, who cast you from the roof in New Orleans and tried. you from the roof in New Orleans, and tried to break your bones! I laugh at you—"
"Begone, I say!" growled the prisoner, savagely. "You are a coward!"

The crone was grinning. She saw that her companion was torturing the Hunchback with his boastful language.

"Oho! a coward!" pursued Miguel.
"You shall see. I am coming in there to fight you. I shall bring a stick, and kill "Would that I could catch you once by the throat-

"But, if I come I shall beat your brains out!-eh? what's that? Lala, did you hear ?" Both distinctly heard the shiver and crash of falling glass within the room.

'The skylight!" she whispered, anxiously.
"No—the javelin of the devil!" exclaimed Miguel. "He has thrown it in, that the Hunchback may have a weapon to defend himself! Next thing, he will take him in his arms, and bring him out here! Hark! -somebody is talking to him. Let us run!

He would have fled at once, but Lala detained him.
"There is some one on the roof," she said.

"Let them stay there, then! I'm off out of this!" "No; you must go up with me to see who it is."
"I? You are a fool! Wherefore should

I burn myself with trouble, when—now, then! Cospita!—look!" He pointed to the ladder leading to the trap-door which opened on the roof. Lala wheeled quickly-then uttered a

Miguel, with a snorting shout, rushed back into the medicine-room. That which startled them was the figure of a woman. The woman was Lu. She was half-way down the ladder before they discovered her. Her glance was menacing, as she slowly continued to descend; and in one hand she carried the thick barrel-stave,

still wet with the blood of Lala's dog. They knew each other; and, although there was no previous cause for enmity between them, they now were faced, by force of circumstances, as deadly foes.

Jack Willis and the negress, from their position at the stair window, had seen all When Jose Moreno delivered that telling

blow which knocked Hercules forward into the room intended as his prison, Lu could no longer restrain herself. Her dark visage was doubly dark in its fierce, scowling expression; and while she muttered something unintelligible to the detective, she laid hold upon the sash to raise it, and would have dashed in to the rescue.

But, again he kept her back. "Now, just wait!" he expostulated.
"Darn it all!—can't you see that, if we pitch in on such grounds, we'll get our heads chawed off? Why, there's a couple of big men—and, I'll bet, that old woman can fight like a tom-cat! Wait—wait."

"I don't fear them!" hissed Lu, scowling through the window-panes, but pausing in obedience to the other's remonstrance. "That may be so-neither do I. But,

what's the use of running risks, when we can manage things scientifically?" "What do you mean by that?" "We may get that fellow out without having any fuss at all," "How?" She looked closely at him.

"Easy enough. Unless these houses have been altered within a few years, I know that each one has got a skylight. used to live in Chicago—I was here when they built this row." 'And you mean_"

"To pull him out through the skylight, for it's right over the room where they've got him locked in."

Good !- if it is so?" "So?—of course it's so!" 'How to get up, now?"
'With a ladder."

"Ha! yes-the ladder." She understood him; and, without further talk, they turned to where the ladder was

But, the task they contemplated was not an easy one. The material was heavy from exposure—had long lain in a place that was damp, even in the dryest weather—and their combined strength was barely sufficient

The labor was more severe, owing to the fact, that they durst not make any noise, for fear of discovery.

It was a long time ere they accomplished the half of their object; and Jose Moreno had left the house, on his errand of hate and murder, before they succeeded in placing the ladder against the eaves of the higher reset

Jack was first to ascend. When he reached the top he uttered an exclamation of satisfaction. There was the skylight, as he had expected, and it was over the apartment in which Hercules was confined. He stepped

over to it at once Lu did not imitate him. She had discovered the trap leading to the interior of the house; and, in her fearless nature, she re-solved to enter, to confront the enemies of

the Hunchback, at every hazard.
Willis mashed in a pane of glass, and called, guardedly:
"Hello, down there?"
"Well?" was the answering inquiry.

"I'm going to get you out.
"You are a friend?"

" Of course I am-

"Go for help, then," interrupted the pris-No use in that; I'll get you up through

here."
"I must go out through the door. I'll go That's nonsense—"

"Do as I say, if you are a friend. Make haste. Mortimer Gascon is at No. —, street, and he will wonder at my long ab-The man's half lunatic!" thought Willis.

"Mortimer Gascon—who's he? Oh, yes!
—brother-in-law to old Nelson Greville. I knew him well. Yes, I knew him."

He returned to the ladder, and rapidly made his way to the ground—entirely forgetting Lu for the moment, and not noticing that she had disappeared.

Running out at the alley, he collided with figure that stood near the steps, like a dark statue.

"Out of the road, you jackass!" he grunted, recovering his breath, with a gasp; but he exclaimed, immediately:
"Why, hello!—Greville?"
"That's roat, lack William" "That's you, Jack Willis?"

'Why did you fail to meet me at the saloon?

"No time now to answer questions!" interrupted the detective. "We're in for a grand row! This house is full of Tom-cats and reprobates! Jose Moreno, Miguel—"Jose Moreno, you say?"

"Then I was right. I was passing here, and saw the ruffian come out. I thought he looked like one of the men who tried to as-

"Yes, yes, yes; but there's no time to waste. You'll find Mortimer Gascon at No. —, — street. Maybe he needs you, right away. My hands are full. Hurry yourself. I'm off!" He darted across the street, to halt two men who were hurrying past, intending to enlist their services in the liberation of the Hunchback.

Evard Greville-the true Evard Greville -was not a little mystified by the detective's excitement. But he caught and understood the mention of Mortimer Gascon, and, fearing that his uncle was in danger, he started, at a swift pace, to find the house Jack Willis had named.

CHAPTER XXIX. THE CLIMAX.

THE negress and the Indian woman glared at each other with all the ferocious hatred of rival beasts disputing a prey.
"What do you want here?" demanded

The man who is in that room. "There's nobody in there. Be off!"
"You lie, you witch! — Hercules, the Hunchback, is a prisoner in there. Let him out.' "I shall not!" snapped she, perceiving that attempted falsehood was useless.

But you will!" Try me, and see!" defied Lala, her eyes flashing, while she crouched to receive, the

leap she saw her enemy was about to make. At that juncture, Miguel appeared at the door of the medicine-room. In one hand he held the heavy iron ladle, and he held

this toward her, while he cried:
"Here!—take this, Lala, and beat her in pieces! I can't stop, or I would help you levour her! Kill her before she can pray! must be off." He dashed toward the

stairway, intent upon escaping; for he plainly saw that Lala was hardly a match for the muscular negress—he had felt her prowess, and cared not to face her again in combat; more, he saw that Hercules must soon be at liberty; and to be in the house, with the Hunchback free, was to be in the very jaws of death.

But the Spaniard was not to get off. At one spring Lu left the ladder, and landed directly in his path.

Miguel's hand was upon his revolver in an instant, for he divined her purpose. Ere he could use the weapon, the barrelstave whizzed above his head, and descended with terrific force.

He tried to dodge in vain; and, uttering a tremulous groan, he sunk down insensi-

But the negress was soon busy. Lala rushed upon her, and, with artful precision, dealt her a blow with the massive ladle.

Lu staggered; and before she could re-turn the blow, the Indian woman had grapturn the blow, the Indian would be pled with her—biting, scratching, tearing—pled with her—biting, teath, and nail, and triving to fasten her decayed snags in the throat of her antagonist.

With the fury of a mad wolf, the suppleness of a snake—now yelping, now hissing, now spitting and snapping like a monstrous cat, she sorely pressed Lu to her utmost

But we have already seen the nerve, the endurance, the unconquerable nature of the

strong men; and when she recovered from the first shock, she, too, uttered a yell, and bent her muscles to the fierce struggle. Dropping the stave, she doubled one fist,

while she wound an arm round the crone's neck, and forced her chin up—then, like a hammer, fell the fist, and Lala shrieked with pain.

Tripping over the prostrate form of Miguel, they rolled down the stairs, continued the fight on the landing—then went tumbling, doubling, screaming, gouging, down to the lower hall.

Lu shook herself loose, and bounded back

up the stairway—just as Willis, with two men close at his heels, entered by the front

"Hold that witch!" cried she, to the de-

But Lala had breathed her last. As they fell down the steps, her head had caught between the uprights of the banister, twisted her neck nearly in two, and she was dead ere the new-comers reached her.

As Lu made toward the door of the room where Hercules was confined, Miguel recovered. He leaped to his feet, and struck her with his fist, from behind—a blow that brought her to her knees. But her hand was upon the key, and ere he could force her to loosen her grasp, she had wrenched it round in the lock.

He saw that all was lost-escape by the

stairs was impossible, as he heard the tramp of those who were ascending.

Half-snorting, half-crying, in terror, at his hopeless situation, he fled precipitately into the medicine-room, meaning to jump from the window.

But his cry turned to a wild, despairing shriek; for there was a roaring voice rung out behind him, and the form of the Hunch-back shot through the air, squarely onto his

The greatest coward will fight when death stares him in the face; and Miguel

struggled desperately.

But as well attempt to stay by hand a heavy fly-wheel as to resist the Herculean embrace which closed around him.

He fired one barrel of his revolver fairly

into the face of Hercules; but the bullet missed the mark for which it was intended -and hit another. Hermoine had discovered the opening in the fire-place, and came through, just at the critical moment. The bullet whistled past the ear of the Hunchback, crossed the hall, entered the room opposite, and struck the

Without a groan, she fell dead.

Hercules was a demon in every lineament, as he felt his hated enemy squirming in his hold.

In less time than we take to tell it, he threw Miguel to the floor. Twining his fingers in the hair of the doomed man, he oumped his head with all the savage strength he could command.

The Spaniard's vision began to blur-he howled in agony. But the grip that was killing him slacked not. Thud! thud! thud! struck the head. Blood poured from the ears, the nose, the

mouth; there was a gasping, tremulous moan, and Miguel was past all aid. Then a pistol cracked. Hercules uttered a quick cry, and tottered

In the doorway of the adjoining room stood the burnt and blistered figure of Trix, the Indian boy. He held the fatal weapon with its smoking muzzle half lowered, and his eyes seemed to burn as he cried: 'Murderer of Rose-Lip!-die!

The dwarf sprung at him. He did not budge. Again the pistol blazed forth its deadly contents; then those arms of iron, with muscles of steel and giant strength, moment's poise, and he was hurled across the room, to the opposite wall, with a force that seemed to crunch the bones in his

It was the last act of a dying man. Both shots delivered by the boy had found a vital spot; and the Hunchback sunk down, with

glassy eyes rolled up in their sockets.

Jack Willis and his assistants bounded in, in time to witness the last act of the tableau. Lu came in, carrying little Carl in her arms; but, ere she could realize how matters stood, Hercules was no more.

A strange, awful silence settled where had so recently reigned the sounds of deadly strife; and while the negress looked down on the last one who had perished, a single tear, great and hot, trickled down her cheek—and this, and the quivering lip. told how deeply she felt the loss of a com-panion whose friendship was dear to her. The tragedy of our romance is over.

When Evard Greville entered the room where Zone and Mortimer Gascon were, he was recognized at once by them; and Zone exclaimed, half to herself

'It is true, then! Evard Greville did escape the assassin's knife! It was his face I saw at the library window!"
Gascon held a hand out to the comer. In

moment the young man was embracing his

We will not impose a useless dialogue on the patience of the reader at this late hour in our story. Let it suffice to say that there were long explanations asked and made be tween uncle and nephew-mostly bearing

on the substance of Zone's narrative It was near morning, when Jack Willis, remembering the number of the house, given him by Hercules, guided Lu to the lo-

The negress carried Carl in her arms Willis carried his carpet-bag, which he had recovered from behind the parlor curtains

of Lala's home. Zone saw a roll of MS. in the detective's

hand, and it was tied with a black ribbon, sealed with a black seal. In another second that which was to restore her inheritance was in her possession.

Where is Hercules?" inquired Mortimer For awhile no one spoke. Then Lu an-

swered, sadly:

"Dead!" The word was repeated in a

"Yes," said Jack; "he's gone up!—that is, he's defunct. So's that female piece of imposition who called herself 'Hermoine Greville.' You see, Mr. Mortimer Gascon, I used to live in Chicago; and I was here when this adventuress came to personate Miss Hermoine. I knew she was a fraud for the true child used to have a dark, hairy mole on her left arm below the elbow, when she was a child. I saw it! and this impostor didn't, because she wore short sleeves on severial occasions, and I was unlucky enough to notice it! Mind, I say unlucky. For, before I could do any thing toward negress, in an unequal combat with two exposing her, she found out that I'd found

her out, and she hired two rascals to drown me out on the lake. They came pretty near doing it, too! But I got off, and went to New Orleans—scared pretty near to death! I became a detective. While plying my profession there, I met your nephew. He told me what he'd been through, and what he wanted to do. I wanted some satisfaction myself in the same direction; and so we came to Chicago. I was on the track of a house-thief, named Miguel, at the time; and to-night I saw him here. But our friend, the crookback, kindly saved me some trouble by thumping the fellow's brains out! And there's one of the remarkable sketches of my life. We're all here, aren't we? Now, I guess every thing will soon

"How did you come by this?" asked Zone, indicating the MS. "Delia Rivers had it.

"Found it on the stair-landing, at the house where we've just had a muss," was all the explanation he could give.

(The manic had, with a quick motion, deposited the valuable papers up in one corner of the stair-landing, when she was following Jose Moreno and the crone to the second story of the latter's house; and the roll had remained there unseen, until the keen glance of the detective had discovered

If there is more to add, let the reader exercise his or her imagination. We have finished our work—and woven another item into the events of that memorable night, when Chicago sunk in ruins under the scourge of fire. THE END.

Madeleine's Marriage:

THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET, AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER XXX. FACE TO FACE. DORANT crossed the room to open the door, which was never kept fastened dur-

ng the day. George Miles was defending it with his "thundering big stick," against two per-

"Oh, if my dog were only alive!" he was saying; "wouldn't he have peppered both of you? and they could only bring it in manslaughter against a quadruped."

"No, George," interposed Dorant; "no maniac in the center of the forehead.

George looked around when he heard his voice.

"Oh, sir, you have opened the door!
Will you let them in? I would not have
you disturbed!"

"Come in," said Lewis, stepping back.
"Die intruders were Marlitt and his ac-

The intruders were Marlitt and his accomplice, Hugh Rawd; both well armed, and intent on their nefarious purpose

They entered the house without hesita-"Oh, very well!" muttered George.
"Hang me if I don't follow them, in case I might be wanted. Who knows? I don't like the looks of that oldest hangdog fel-

The scene within was a most unexpected one to the unwelcome visitors.

The lamp gave but a dim and imperfect

light, but it disclosed all the figures with sufficient distinctness for recognition. In the center of the room stood Madeleine, her vail thrown back, on her way to the door, to go home, as she had proposed.

Duclos Frank was very pale and greatly agitated by what he had heard. He clasped Oriel's trembling hand, holding her arm pressed to his side, and looked sternly at the new-

Dorant preceded them, and they were followed by George, leading the monkey by

his string. These gentlemen," observed Lewis, with a grim smile, "appear to have had some trouble in effecting an entrance. George thought we wished to be alone. But we had just been speaking of them-eh,

Frank Duclos, with face blanched, and eyes flashing fire, advanced a step or two-putting Oriel back, and dropping her hand The two villains had expected to find their intended victim alone, and they were startled and alarmed by seeing so many persons. Marlitt was first to recover his

self-possession. "Upon my word," he said, sneeringly, "a singular group! We called on business with Sanders here, and find him entertainng a couple of ladies, whom I am very much surprised to meet in this place! Per mit me to ask, madam, for what cause this

ouse is graced with your presence?"
Madeleine turned away her face, and made him no answer,

"Or yours, Miss Oriel?"
The girl's young lover advanced to answer for her; but Dorant waved him back, and stopped him from speaking.
"These ladies came," replied Lewis, "for

the purpose of returning to me this pocket book which I had sent to them, as containing papers in which they were interested." He held out the pocket-book as he spoke. "By Jove!" yelled Hugh Rawd, "it is the very same the rascal robbed me of!

Give it back this instant!" He started forward to snatch it from Dorant, but the latter repulsed him, and at the same moment Frank laid hold of him. "Off with you!" the wretch exclaimed. "Give back my property! It is mine! Marlitt, help me to get it back!"

Marlitt had drawn himself up with an arrogant assumption of superior authority.
"No need of violence," he said; "the felow will have to give it up. But first, Mrs.

Clermont, I request you to withdraw."
"I acknowledge that name no longer!"
answered Madeleine, looking at him scorn-"Woman, you are raving!"

"Woman, you are raving!"

"This is Lewis Dorant, whom you and that villain"—and she pointed to Hugh—
"tried to murder years ago. Providence

saved him-and unites us after our long separation.' "And has sent me," added Duclos, "to

avenge the death of my father."
"You!" exclaimed Marlitt, turning to "You—the aspirant to my daughter's hand !" 'I am no daughter of yours!" put in the

young girl. "Very true!" sneered Marlitt; "and I earnestly recommend you, sir, for your own sake, to abandon all idea of the marriage." "Why so ?"

"I presume you would scarcely care to unite yourself to the daughter of a woman who may stand shortly as a culprit before a public court, on a charge of bigamy.'

"The shadow of that fear, miscreant," said Lewis Dorant, "has kept me in concealment ever since I came from the wars; that and unwillingness to disturb my wife's possession of the wealth that was her birthright. I could not bear to hurl her from those splendid possessions—little as was the joy they gave her—and make her the scorn and scandal of society. So I concealed my existence, and watched over her in secret. But chance—or rather Providence

—has again brought us together."

"To part no more!" said Madeleine. "] will never leave him again!" Marlitt gnashed his teeth.

And you will encounter the shame of a "I was innocent of wrong! I knew not

that he lived!" "How can you prove your innocence, madam? The law will require that!"
"Liar!" exclaimed Dorant. "It is for the law to prove guilty! But she can prove

her innocence by proving your attempt to murder her husband!" "He is right!" exclaimed young Duclos, no longer able to keep silence. "You have studied for years to invent tortures for your blameless wife; and now you hope by an absurd calumny to overwhelm her, and prevent her daughter's marriage! your own reasons for getting that lady's husband out of the way—that you might wed her, and come into the fortune! you had not the courage to strike the blow yourself, and you hired accomplices. Is

Dorant, pointing to Hugh Rawd.
Dorant nodded affirmatively. "This villain made a mistake in doing his work, and thereby another-Colonel Duclos -my father-fell a victim to your murder-

not this man one of them?" he asked of

ous designs. Hugh Rawd, crushed by these discoveries had shrunk into the corner, his shaking hand grasping the weapon concealed in his breast-pocket. Even the more dauntless criminal was staggered. He grew pale, but recovered his self-possession.

'A preposterous accusation!" his white lips articulated.
"It is one you shall answer for, both of

you!" cried the young man. "You villain does not leave this room till he is in the hands of the officers of justice.' "It is one thing to threaten, and another to perform, as you will find," Hugh replied.

"How my fingers do itch to strangle him—the vampire!" muttered George. "I had best get out of the way, or the temptation may prove too great for me." He stole on tiptoe toward the door. "Be quiet, monkey, or I will put you in your box." On second thoughts he turned back.

I may be wanted yet. Prudence is the better part of valor."
"Now, sir," resumed Marlitt, "to return to business, I require, first, your surrender of that pocket-book, which, by your own confession, you stole from its owner!"

"'Stole' is a word I never used," retorted

Dorant. "I took it from a man who was

not its owner." "How do you know he was not? Why did you take it?" "Because I heard him say he could ruin with the papers it contained a lady over whose safety I watched. That is my an-

swer to your last question. To your first I reply: he can not be the owner of the papers -for on their face they bear evidence they are the property of others. Would you know what they are?"

"Make him give them up!" cried Hugh.
"Though it's little can be done with them The papers," resumed Dorant,

certificate of the lawful marriage of Edward Clermont—the son of Mr. Clermont of Broadhurst, Sussex-with Emily Watts, the daughter of the miller, then living in her fa-ther's cottage. This was given by the Rev. Isaac Morgan, of Dundas Rectory, who happened to be on a journey and stopped at the village near Broadhurst.

Another paper is the leaf torn out of the parish register, recording the marriage

of those two persons.

"Another is the register of the birth and baptism of their son, Edward Clermont. Other papers are letters from the father of this boy to his wife, when she was ab-

sent in London.' "All very fine!" commented Marlitt, with a sneer meant to be incredulous. "And what do you mean to do with these important papers, if I may be so curious as to

You have nothing to do with my intention, Mr. Marlitt."
"Destroy them, no doubt "No, sir," exclaimed Madeleine, eagerly

"We shall restore them to their rightful owners. Too long have they been kept from their dues. It was for that I brought them to him; it was for that he sent them

Virtuous self-sacrifice! Are you aware madam, of the consequences to yourself, should such papers fall into certain hands?" 'I am; I know that I shall lose the estate

"And you are going to give them up, They shall be given up to-morrow.' "Very good, as far as you are concerned. But I have a stake in the property, since

half belongs to me; and I shall not let it go He strode forward quickly, and before Dorant was aware, had snatched the pocketbook from his hand, and flung it toward Hugh, meaning him to catch it.

It fell at his feet, and he stooped to lift the prize.

But the monkey was too quick for him. The animal darted to him in an instant, caught up the pocket-book, scampered off with it, and the next moment had climbed upon one of the bare rafters of the room,

quite out of reach. "Bravo!" shouted George. "Bravo, Jocko! Keep it there, my good fellow;

and sat perched on the window cornice,

The monkey, as if understanding him, leaped up and thrust the pocket-book fast between one of the rafters and the ceiling, wedging it in tightly with several blows of his heavy fist. Then he ran down nimbly,

and capered about his master. With a howl of rage Hugh sprung at the creature, but only got some severe scratches, besides a mawling from George himself.

Marlitt had observed this little scene with a scowl of disappointment.

You keep monkeys trained to theft!"

he said, angrily. "I can easily compel you to give it back. And what will it benefit you, sir?" asked Dorant, "since your marriage gives you no claim!"

We shall see to that." "My husband was living," said Madeleine, when that empty ceremony passed,

which—"
"Which, at least, vailed the shame and infamy of your first marriage!" said Marlitt, for the first time enraged, since he saw ruin impending which he could not avert.
"For shame, sir! How dare you talk of infamy?" Madeleine replied, "except in connection with yourself!"
"Your husband, foregoth, a fishermen."

'Your husband—forsooth—a fisherman

-a beggar!"
"My father never was a beggar!" interposed Oriel, indignantly. "He worked hard to earn a support for his family, but he was an honorable man blessed by all who knew him—loved dearly by his wife and child. But you, wicked man, have neither heart nor feeling!"

Marlitt turned upon her furiously. The time had come to provoke the encounter he trusted in for his only method of saving himself from the coil in which he was involved. If he could provoke a headlong assault, so much the better. He gave the concerted signal to his accomplice

'Insolent girl!" he exclaimed, as he seized her by the arm.

Oriel screamed, and tried to escape him.

Dorant, who had watched the man, threw himself between them, tore him away, and hurled him several feet off, with tremen-

dous strength. At the same time Duclos was grappling with Hugh, whose massive strength might have overpowered him, but for the assistance of the monkey. The little animal fastened his claws in the assailant's leg, biting him so severely that he let go his hold of his antagonist, and retreated with a yell of

Frank sprung after him, seized his arms before he could extricate himself from the monkey, and pinioned them fast behind

him. "A cord, here, quickly!" he shouted. "I must bind him, or he may fire on us!"
George looked about bewildered for a

rope; but none was in sight.

"Take my scarf!" said Oriel, offering it.

It was of fine wool, but very strong.

Twisting it, with George's help, Duclos soon bound the villain's arms firmly behind him. The monkey's string sufficed to tie his legs. He was then entirely at their

mercy Frank proceeded to take his pistols and dagger away, laying them on the table.
"You will excuse my interference, Mr. Marlitt," said Dorant, ironically. "I've a bad habit of meddling, and am rather rough; old soldiers generally are rough; and when I see a man—no, not a man—a gentleman—pardon me, I shouldn't say that: but, one

pardon me, I shouldn't say that: but, one like yourself, assault a lady, or threaten one, why, I go back to my old habits."

Marlitt saw that his game at hazard was lost, unless he could redeem it by a bold stroke. Hugh was then strugging in the grasp of his two opponents. Marlitt laid his hand on one of the pistols in his bosem. "I might lie in wait for you, as you did for my child near Waterloo Bridge," went for my child, near Waterloo Bridge," went on Dorant, "and thus take revenge, in spite of your being armed, as I see you are. But a soldier can not be an assassin! He must fight his enemy honorably, face to face."

Crossing the room, he took up one of the pistols Frank had just laid on the table, and "Oh, Lewis, my husband!" shrieked
Madeleine, "do not fight with him! He is
armed; let us leave this place! Come

gith me! Come—let us go Oriel, trembling with terror, joined her entreaties to her mother's. Marlitt saw his advantage. "Your insolent rage," he said, scornfully, "causes you

to forget the difference between us." "You say well there is a difference!" re-torted Lewis. "I know you to be a rascal, and I am an honest man. Nevertheless, I consent to overlook the disparity." "I meant the difference between a gentle-

man and a hackman!' "Oh, you call yourself the gentleman, do you?" he went on, tauntingly. "You, who for years have robbed, plundered and tortured two defenseless women; and when you are called to account by the husband and father, you talk of the difference of station! A soldier who has had ten years of service, sir, is your equal even on that point! But I advise you not to provoke him, or he might forget the laws of honor, and shoot you where you stand. Draw out your weapon, fellow! I see your hand is

He advanced two or three paces, his wife and daughter still weeping and clinging to Marlitt slowly drew out his pistol, cocked

it, and leveled it at Dorant.
"Move not a step nearer," he said, "or you are a dead man."

He saw that Madeleine's clinging arms had made Lewis powerless for self-defense. He took deliberate aim at his heart.
Suddenly Madeleine flung herself in front

Suddenly Madeleine hang him from the of her husband, shielding him from the bis enemy. Both her murderous weapon of his enemy. arms were clasped round his neck "Fire now, if you dare!" she exclaimed.
'You will kill me, but he is saved!" Marlitt did not wish to kill her instead

of her husband. Lewis strove in vain to release himself. "Beware!" he shouted. "If you harm her, you shall hang for it!" The assassin lifted his pistol. The wife's head lay on her husband's shoulder. Mar-litt chuckled, thinking he could shoot him

through the head, while he was deprived of all power of self-defense. The deadly aim was taken. At this instant, George, who had sprung toward him, clutched the arm that held the pistol. Marlitt struggled violently to free himself from his new assailant.

struggle the pistol went off, its contents lodging in Marlitt's breast. As George released his hold, he sunk, with a deep groan, upon the floor.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 105.)

QUEEN ELIZABETH, seeing a certain aronet in her garden one day, looked out of the window and asked him: What does a man think of when he thinks of nothing?" The baronet, who had not received the royal favor which he had been led to expect, blurted out: "Madam, he thinks of a woman's promise." The queen was completely nonplussed, and was heard to retort: you. Anger makes men witty, but it keeps them poor." Well, Sir Edward, I must not confute The SATURDAY JOURNAL is sold by all Newsdealers in the United Lates and in the Canadian Dominion. Parties unable to obtain i

Terms to Subscribers:

One copy, four mouths

"" one year - 3.00

Two copies, one year - 5.00

In all orders for subscription:
Let, County and Town. The paper is always stopped, promptly, expiration of subscription.
Subscriptions can start with any required back number. The paper always in print, so that those wishing for special stories can have sem. Canadian subscribers will have to pay 20 cents extra, to prepay nications, subscriptions, and letters on busines ssed to
BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers,
98 William St., New York.

Three Literary Stars!

We have ready, for early use, three most powerful and captivating romances by three noted writers-each occupying a distinct field,

Strangely Wed;

WHERE WAS ARTHUR CLARE?

BY MRS. JENNIE DAVIS BURTON, AUTHOR OE "ADRIA. THE ADOPTED," "CECIL'S DE CEIT," ETC., ETC.

Without doubt one of the finest serial stories which has fallen from the press for the past five years-a love story of delicious spirit and flavor, and an undercurrent of incident and plot that intensify its interest with each successive chapter.

LIGHTNING JO;

The Phantom Rider of the Hills. A ROMANCE OF THE COMANCHE GROUNDS.

BY CAPT. J. F. C. ADAMS, AUTHOR OF "THE PHANTOM PRINCESS; OR, NEI HAZEL, THE BOY TRAPPER," "OLD GRIZZLY, THE BEAR TAMER," ETC., ETC.

This new novel of wild life in the Southwest by this noted Hunter-Author, will be widely welcomed, for he is an immense favorite. Few persons now living know so much of Hunting, Trapping, Indian-fighting, Scouting and Camp Life as "Bruin" Adams. In "Lightning Jo" we have a wild, fearless character, whose acts well earn him his significant sobriquet.

PEARL OF PEARLS:

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR., AUTHOR OF "FLAMING TALISMAN," "HOODWINKED," BLACK CRESCENT," "BLACK HAND," "HER-CULES, THE HUNCHBACK," ETC., ETC.

A commingled love and dramatic story, em bodying great diversity of characters and strange, thrilling incidents-all told with remarkable force and interest, as are all this popular writer's productions.

The SATURDAY JOURNAL has prepared, for its summer campaign, a decidedly captivating programme, of which the above-announced new serials are only a part. Each issue will teem with good things in prose, verse, humor and illustration.

Our Arm-Chair.

Chat.-One of the most significant evidences of material progress in this country is the number and circulation of daily and weekly papers, and of the periodical maga zines. The aggregate is simply immense-far beyond what any ordinary observer would suspect. No means has hitherto existed by which to obtain this aggregate, but in the exquisitely-printed and substantially-bound oc tavo American Newspaper Directory of George P. Rowell & Co., we have the data, in very per fect and luminous shape, by which to learn not only of aggregates, but of details of circu lation of every paper in the United States! Such a compend, with all its collateral information regarding towns, their population chief business features, etc., etc., is truly a most welcome contribution to statistics, and to the person who wants to know How, When and Where to advertise, it is almost invalu able. The book is at once a Guide to the Populations, Intelligence and Geography of towns and counties in all the States, and a wonder fully painstaking and generally trustworthy indicator of the comparative value of each and every advertising medium in the entire country. The volume is a credit to the great advertising firm whose enterprise has produced it, and a real blessing to all who are interested at all in American journalism either as editors, publishers, readers or advertisers.

Among the multitude of papers and magazines designed for women must be named the Lady's Friend, monthly, of Philadelphia, edited Mrs. Henry Peterson. It is admirably adapted for that large class of American women who want to know " what is the fast ion," and like, with that knowledge, a season ing of sketch, story and sprightly-conveyed information on household subjects.

"Society ' readers rejoice over the establishment, in this city, of the Fifth Avenue Journal, a weekly record of social, dramatic and artistic doings, and a journal of light literature for the fireside and travel. The paper, we learn, is quite a success, as it deserves, for its tone is refined and its literary conduct discriminating

A contributor writes: " I must say I am surprised-there have been such doubts as to the payment for MS. before, but the editors and not I always got the benefit of the doubt. I have found one honest editor at last! I can hold you and the editors of the Christian Union, for all the rest, as models of gentlemanly kindness and courtesy." Whew! For what papers has our contributor hitherto been writing?

MISERIES.

STITING for a photograph with all the patience of an image, and then have the operator look at you instead of his watch, spoiling the plate and obliging you to sit for another! I have seen enough of that business to last me a great while. I have undergone the torture of sitting in the chair of point with one hand recting greatfully. of pain, with one hand resting gracefully on the marble-topped table, and looking straight at the camera. Oh! didn't I consider the time interminable, and didn't I feel like winking or making up faces? Yes, dear, and didn't I talk to myself a bit? I know I thought to myself thus: "Well, now isn't this ridiculous of you, Eve, to sit up here like a scarecrow, just to gratify somebody, who wants your face? If the result isn't the photograph of a lone lorn and much-to-be-pitied individual, I shall never agree with myself again."

How cool the photographer was! Had

he forgotten me and gone to sleep? No; he was as careless and nonchalant as could be. At last I was allowed to move, and I verily believe if I hadn't been in a strange place, I should have danced an impromptu Highland Fling, but I didn't; I only sighed and was thankful that the infliction was over. Of course I was not satisfied with the picture, but the photographer assured me it was a most admirable likeness—that he had never taken a better. I suppose he would have said so if it was as black as a coal. That is probably his stereotyped speech. I complained that the bow at my collar was sideways. "It was so in the original." "But you should have told me "I never dictate to a lady, and I didn't know but it might be the fashionfashions change so often, and are often

Untold misery comes in the shape of venturing out in a driving snow-storm to attend a funny lecture, given by Mark Twain, the Fat Contributor, or Josh Billings, and upon arriving at the hall, finding that the severity of the storm has prevented their arrival, but "Prof. Drone has kindly consented to enliven the audience with a few remarks. There he keeps us for a couple of hours with dissertations upon "Gunshot Wounds," "Epilepsy and its Treatment," and a few more sickening suggestions, almost making you wish he had them all combined. Poor humanity! If it suffers as much in the pro-fession of these maladies as we do in hearing Dr. Drone comment upon them, I pity

the sufferers from the hottom of my heart.

Then there's the misery of reading a heartrending account of some poor man away out in India, being nearly burned alive, and while we are sympathizing with him in his agony, we find "he was restored to complete health, and was made a new being by the use of three boxes of Prof. Bughum's celebrated never known to fail salve. I abominate editors who allow such advertisements in their columns, and doubt less they feel better for my dislike.

Another misery is to be a funny man by profession and receive an invitation to a party, being expected to say nothing serious all through the evening, and because you are not "in the humor" you are set down as pilfering all the fun you put in the paper, because you can not manufacture wit upon every occasion.

The chief misery of all is endeavoring to write an essay with greasy paper, spring-halt pens, and the ink half-frozen, and no ideas in your noddle. If you can imagine any thing more miserable, keep it to your-self!

EVE LAWLESS

Foolscap Papers.

A Romance.

ONCE upon a time, before-very long before—you little boys had begun to wear boots, while yet you were in the nurse's arms and had somebody to wash your faces at least once a week, there lived in a certain town, not mentioned in the history of the middle ages, a nobleman and gallant lier by the euphonious title of Patrick McFin-

This redoubtable knight, not caring much for the honors of leading troops of mail-clad men into glorious battle, or going about redressing human wrongs, pursued the even tenor of his way by going about and working for day's wages at whatever his royal hands could get to do. He was remarkable for being master of every trade, except the ones which he followed. The affairs of state didn't lie quite as heavily on his shoulders as did his hod of mortar, which trade he carried on the strongest, except when he heard the other cry of "more brick."

This gay cavaller, possessing the most poetic sentiments, in his hours of ease took his pipe out of his mouth and made love to a fairy, whose earthly name was registered as Biddy O'Rourke, and who, when she didn't have her Sunday duds on, or when Pat wasn't in the kitchen, did the cooking in a small family, where there was no chil dren, work light and references exchanged. There did he beguile her heart by singing in true knightly fashion those touching ballads of Rory O'More, Drops o' Whisky, etc. with the occasional interludes of knocking the ashes out of his pipe on his heel; and often did she lose herself in admiration of his courtly figure as he would trip the light fantastic brogan in the sinuous mazes of the Irish reel.

By and by he offered her his royal self and promised to make her queen of his realm in this style, throwing himself before her: "Arrah be jabers (Italian for how's your mother) and it's meself that would like to marry you, Biddy; and if ye were think-ing the same by me, let us both git married." Instead of disappearing in a cloud, as you are expecting to hear that she did, she wiped her eye with the corner of her apron and sighed: "Indade, we'll do that, pro-vidin' you don't set the day too far off. Cushla-ma-chree." (Spanish for "I love you

for that nose of yours.")
So the day was set, and the news of the betrothal soon spread to the neighboring dominions (other kitchens) with the rapidity of Biddy's own tongue, which was some thing quick; and it is noted in the chronicles of the historian that, with the introduc tion of love into the kitchen, the cooking suffered a good deal, but some folks are too particular about their victuals.

Now this invincible warrior, Don Patrick McFinnegan, noted for his deeds of arms—he could jerk a cow over the fence by the tail-looked around over his broad domains and found that he hadn't a foot of land in the world nor anywhere else; but, it was the mere matter of a moment for him to unlock the doors of his vast treasury, and purchase a wide scope of country, beginning at the very corporation line of the town

and extending thence west in the direction of the Pacific Ocean—forty-two feet—and stretching north and south in the direction of the Poles, the enormous distance of six-ty-four feet. I wish I could have said

It was Pat's boast that he could stand in the center of it all day without coming to the end of it.

Like other renowned princes, Pat wanted a castle to take his bride to when they were married, and, riding over his territories, he found there was no such thing as a castle to be found on them; so he inquired the price of granite, and finding that granite would come cheaper than marble and last longer, he set right to work with the energy characteristic of his sex, and, with the assistance of a small boy, built a castle of boards. Some castles took many years in building, but it was this knight's boast that

he completed his in three days. Instead of cutting it up into endless halls and labyrinthine rooms, he made one room out of the whole of it, and ran the stovepipe through the roof; and as he couldn't get an artist to come and fresco the walls for nothing, he left them just as they were, saying that, if at some future day when gold leaf got plentier in New York, he wouldn't buy any, but would whitewash the walls him-

He scoured the country far and wide for a span of noble horses, but as he couldn't find any but what belonged to somebody else, he did the next best thing he could do by going and buying a couple of pigs, and, as he couldn't get a fine barouche to suit him (in terms) he always kept a wheelbarrow handy, lying on its back, with its legs

Finding that angles in a building were in conformity with the Elizabethan order, he set to work and built an L to his castle, deset to work and touth an to his eastle, the signedly for his retainers, but practically to keep his pigs in. He measured his floor for an imported carpet, but, as merchants had the miserly habit of charging for them, he did the next best thing he could do with the least expense, and that was—he did without it

without it.

With the true eye of a landscape gardener, he laid out his vast grounds in picturesque rows, and set out his ornamental potatoes, interspersed here and there with little groves of cabbages for grateful shade, as their leaves are larger than any other

When every thing was finished in the highest style of art, Pat took a drink and a spy-glass, and surveyed it from all points, well satisfied; while, as yet, he had said nothing to his affianced, who thought he was poor but honest.

The day came. Pat scraped the mud from his boots, rolled down his sleeves, and they were married. If you read the history of France carefully, in the eighteenth chapof France carefully, in the eighteenth chapter you will find a most gorgeous description of this wedding left out. Then they took a walk, and, coming to the grand castle, Prince Patrick took his pipe out of his mouth and said: "All of this is mine and thine." When the princess said: "And it's a broth of a boy ye iz." she fainted. There they ever afterward lived happily together, and the pips and childers got fat and saucy. and the pigs and childers got fat and saucy.

You should all try to be princes.

Washington Whitehorn.

Our Omnibus.

If the following isn't good poetry it points a good moral-which is something in these days of "smiling" over a gin-counter:

> PADDY POD. Poor l'addy Pod Carried the hod, Upon his shoulder broad; He sung by day A little lay, As upwardly he soar'd.

> No troubles mind, Cared he to find, Toiled at his labor mild; So happily Indeed was he That oftenly he "smiled."

One luckless day,
The third of May,
In eighteen hundred sixty-six,
By "smiling" gin
He got sucked in,
And fell down with some bricks.

The whisky sot Recovered not; The coroner gave it—that He really died Because he tried Because he tried
To put bricks in his hat.
BILLY POTTS.

A reader, none of whose relatives, we are assured, were hung or have run for Congress, and who lives on his own resources, writes us this item of informa-

The readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL have been very anxious to get at the bot-tom of a certain secret, which they could

not find out, so here it is:
The "White Witch" in company with "Overland Kit" have been trying to steal the "Black Crescent," but to do it they must have the help of the "Wolf Demon," with the "Scarlet Hand," but they have been be-trayed by "Old Grizzly," who in company with "Duke White" and "Wild Nathan" were on the track of the "Masked Miner," the man with the "Heart of Fire," who had been "Out in the World" hunting for the 'Red Rajah," the commander of the 'Ocean Girl." The "Boy Clown" hearing this went to the "Banker's Ward" to find out a certain "Dark Secret," but she told him that she was "Oath Bound" by "Bessie Raynor" not to reveal it, because the "Blackfoot Queen" with the "Ebon Mask" was "Love Blind," and that the "College Rivals" had "Tracked to Death" "Orphan Nell," with the "Shadowed Heart," who would not reveal to them the whereabouts of "Ludwig, the Wolf," for whose person "50.000 Reward" had been offered "Washington Whitehorn," "Joe Jot," and the "Fat Contributor." N. B. To be continued.

Some fellow who has been there reports to us from Arcadia as follows:

LOVE. Holiest sentiment, sweetly absorbing, Stealing o'er spirit and soul, Diffusing a joy between gladness and weeping, Thrilling like music's sweet roll.

Wilder and sweeter than music's soft moaning; Gushing on night's sable wing; Brighter and fleeter than beams of resplendence Rushing from day's flashing king.

Wave of Eternity wandering earthward, Crested with purity's light, Essence of Beauty, Love mexpressible, Illumining life's darkest night, D. E. K.

Our special correspondent from Hardtack, Mr. A. Dunce, Jr,. sends this by express: Two sports, having no way to kill time,

met one morning, and one asked the other;

"Jim, what are we going to do to kill time this week?"
"Well," replied Jim, "I don't know or

care what you are going to do, but I have got something for a week ahead." "Well," answered the first speaker, "you bet I'm glad, because sometimes you're so weak headed as to actually be a bore."

If we were all philosophers, how wise we should be! As we are not all relatives by direct descent to Diogenes, we have to defer to those who evidently are of his race, as must be the following expositor: HITS-IN-BITS.

It is very easy for a wise man to undo the work of a fool, but it is easier for him to make a fool of himself by so doing.

When old folks make such horrible wry

faces over the follies of their children, they forget that they are only making faces at themselves.

There will be a somewhat uncomfortable There will be a somewhat uncomportance feeling on the day of judgment, if Christ receives us as coldly as we receive those who call on us for food and comfort.

If some of those strong-minded women, leading advocates of "female suffrage," would show a little more pure womanly

would show a little more pure womanly love toward their so-called male enemies and let a few smiles and blushes now and then bewitch their faces, instead of using the bombastic language that we daily hear from them, and carrying such ugly, dried-up faces wherever they go, they might suc-ceed a little faster in their "free-love" en-

Encouragement for young singers: There is very little music in the bones of a mule,

but remember "every little helps."

Why is a married man more apt to become a Christian than a single man? Be cause a single man has no one to care for but himself, looks on life as a beautiful dream, and doubts the existence of a future hell. While a married man, having some one to care for, has a foretaste of misery, and is willing to do any thing that is honest to escape a deeper pit of misery.

ARNOLD ISLER.

Short Stories from History.

Origin of the Drama. - Greece, the nursery of the arts and sciences, was the parent of the Drama; at least there is no record of its having been known among more ancient nations. The different States of Greece have contested the honor of its birth, but it is generally attributed to the Athenians, who derived its origin from the hymns which were sung in the festivals of Bacchus in honor of that deity. While these resounded in the ears of the multi-tude, choruses of Bacchants and Fauns ranged round certain images, which they carried in triumphant procession, chanting indecent songs, and sometimes sacrificing individuals to public ridicule.

While this was the practice in the cities, a still greater licentiousness reigned in the worship paid to the same divinity by the inhabitants of the country, and especially at the season when they gathered the fruits of his supposed beneficence. Vintagers, besmeared with wine lees, and intoxicated with joy and the juice of the grape, rode forth in their carts, and attacked each other on the road with gross sarcasms, revenging themselves on their neighbors with ridicule and on the rich by publishing their acts of

The hymns in honor of Bacchus, while they described his rapid progress and splen-did conquests, became imitative; and in the contests of the Pythian games, the players on the flute, who entered into com-petition, were enjoined by an express law to represent successively the circumstances that had preceded, accompanied, and followed the victory of Apollo over Python. the victory of

To Susarion and Thespis the Greek drama in its infancy was largely indebted; indeed, the latter has almost been considered as the parent of the stage, dramatic per-formers being to this day called the children of Thespis. Susarion and Thespis were both born at Icaria in Attica; each appeared at the head of a company of actors, the one on a kind of stage, the other in a cart. Susarion, who attacked the vices and follies of the age, represented his first pieces about five hundred and eighty years before Christ. Thespis, who treated more noble subjects, which he took from history, made his first attempt in tragedy some years after Susarion, and acted his " Alcestis" five hundred and thirty-six years before Christ.

The comedies of Susarion were in the same taste with those indecent and satirical farces which were afterward performed in some of the cities of Greece, and were long the favorite entertainment of the country

Thespis had noticed in the festivals in which, as yet, hymns only were sung, that one of the singers, mounted on a table, formed a kind of dialogue with the chorus. From this hint he conceived the idea of introducing into the tragedies an actor who by simple recitals introduced at intervals should give relief to the chorus, divide the action, and render it more interesting This happy innovation, together with some other liberties in which Thespis indulged gave alarm to the great Athenian legislator who was supposed to be better able than any other to discern the value or danger of the novelty. Solon condemned a species of composition in which the ancient traditions were disguised by fictions. "If," said he to Thespis, "we applaud falsehood in our public exhibitions, we shall soon find that it will insinuate itself into our most sacred engagements."

The pieces of Thespis and Susarion were however, received with an approbation and delight, both in the city and country, that rendered useless the suspicious foresight of Solon. The poets, who till then had only exercised their genius in dithyrambics and licentious satire, struck with the elegant forms which this species of composition began to assume, dedicated their talents tragedy and comedy. Comedy soon admitted a greater variety of subjects; and although those who judged of their pleasures only from habit exclaimed that these subjects were foreign to the worship of Bac chus, yet the greater number crowded with still more eagerness after the new pieces. From this period the progress of dramatic art was extremely rapid.

Horace says that the actors whom Thespis carried about in his cart had their faces besmeared with wine lees; Suidas, that white lead and vermilion were the ingredients employed.

Sweet words fly like honey-bees from the flower-lips of a lovely woman, penetrate the heart as with the shaft of love, and then fill the puncture with honey.

Readers and Contributors.

To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are To Correspondents and Authors.—No MSS, received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS, preserved for future orders.—Unavailable MSS, promptly returned only where stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MS,"—MSS, which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases our choice rests first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS, as "copy."; third, length, Of two MSS, of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, tearing off each page as it is writen, and carefully giving it its folio or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS, unavailable to us are well worthy of use.—All experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

We can not use the following contributions, and for various reasons, but our rejection by no means implies a want of meit in the several MSS., many of which can be used elsewhere: "Intemperance:"
"How a Deer Was Shot;" "I Told You So;" "The Ballet Gil;" "Viperous Editors;" "Some Solemn Talk;" "My Darling;" "The Chain of Fate;"
"Jealousy After Marriage;" "Teddy O'Boyle;"
"The Raftsman's Perl;" "The Deacon's Strafagem;" "Foot Squirrels;" "Violet;" "The Yankee Spy;" "A Skirmish with Indians;" "A Penny'sworth of Fame;" "Who is the Man?" "A Gun for a Song;" "Old Ben Bainbridge's Oath."
Will put R. P. U.'s contribution in Our Omni-Will put R. P. U.'s contribution in Our Omni-

Of the two contributions by A. I., one we use; to one we must say no, because it is a very common-place incident. The two poems by Mattie D. B. we will find place for.

The several contributions by Mrs. G. S. H. we will report on next week. We are "fult" of MSS., and yet are ever glad to welcome what is really good.

Penmission Wanter. We have no objection to our sketches being put in dramatic shape, but no serial must be so used without our assent. DAVID BROWN. The cost of the SATURDAY JOURNAL from No. 1 to 96 will be \$5.

Long ED. Consult your physician. Of course constant reading has much to do in aggravating the

evil.

X. Y. Z. Old Nick Whiffles is a pure fiction, but, like Cooper's Deerslayer and Pathfinder, he is a typical man, whose counterpart can be found in the wild regions where the seenes of the "Blackfoot Queen" are laid. This story commenced in No. 52 of this journal. We have in ha d a new story by the same writer—the redoubtable Capt. J. F. C. Adams. It is called "Lightning Jo; or, The Phantom Rider of the Plains." The contribution "Grandfathers." not being available, was not preserved (April 6th.) The papers are sent regularly. If lost on the way, Uncle Sam is to blame.

J. EDD LESLIE. We sent no formal receipt. The continual of your subscription is evidence of the money's receipt.

W. V. L. Direct, Commandant Navy Yard, Brook-

W. V. L. Direct, Commandant Navy Yard, Brooklyn, N. Y., or Portsmouth, N. H. lyn, N. Y., or Portsmouth, N. H.

Constant Reader. Go to Albany and take Albany and Susquehannah R. R.

John E. Barron. A person's birthplace indicates his nationality, but if his parents' allegiance is due to some distant power, he is rated as a clitzen of such power or nation, when he becomes of are, unless he declares against such allegiance and takes an oath of allegiance to another Government.

RED WOLF. The amount you name is quite enough for a small news-tand. A local license may be necessary. All paintshops sell the bronze powder. There are four alphabets in every font of type, viz.; lower case or Roman; italic; small caps and

CHAS. S. B. We know of no "short cut" to learning. All the text-books or self-educators which promise to learn you French or German or any branch of Science in Ten Le-sons, are simply humbugs. To learn German or French is a matter of at least a year's patient study, and then of long-continued practice or application of rules which you have learned. In science there is truly no royal road age that which all students must follow—of patient, nay laborious study and research. So, don't be misled, but make up your mind, at the start, to have a real struggle, and that you will conquer. This will carry you through when a fainter or more impatient heart would fail.

TROUBLE. You must recollect that chimpers often

TROUBLE. You must recollect that chimneys often smoke, from no other cause, than from a waste of fuel; too much wood or coal having been put on at once upon the fire, will cause a chimney to smoke badly.

Nemo. The shells of oysters, when they are fresh, are firmly closed; when the shells are open, the oysters are dead, and unfit for use. Oysters are not considered suitable to cat from the first of May until the first of Septemb.r.

READER. The French phrases you speak of, may be translated as follows: A la mode, according to the fishion; Aussitol at aussitol, no sooner said than done: La beau monue, the beautiful world; Chef a' œuvre, a masterpiece.

JENNY W. A pretty opera cloak for the season can be made out of white cloth, lined with some bright-colored silk; the cloak should be made both loose, neglige and light. For. Velvet suits are worn this season by gentle-

nen-velvet coat and vest, with light pants; but hey attract too much attention to be agreeable to a nodest wearer.

Invalid. The personal property of a person deceased, left undisposed of, by deed or will, is divided among his widow and children, etc. It such inheritors are dead, the property goes to the father; if he also is dead, it goes to the mother, bothers and sisters and their children, (but not grandchildren); next at heir, are his grandparents; if none, his cousins and great-nephews and nicces. Wills to be valid must be made by persons at or above the age of twenty-one, in a sound state of mind, not guilty of treason, nor a felon nor an outlaw. A fenale must be unmarried, unless the will is made with the consent of her hysband. No will is valid unless it is in writing, signed at the foot thereof by the testator, and the signature made in the presence of two or more witnesses, who must also sign the signature of the testator, and of two or more witnesses.

MARY T. Give your medical adviser your entire confidence. "Tell him the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth." Do not magnify or make light of your trouble; give him an unvarnished statement of the discase. If you have doubts as to the state of your health after consulting your own physician, and wish to consult another, do not do so without first consulting and advising with your own practitioner.

BACHEROR All men of age among the Pomens.

Bachelor. All men of age, among the Romans, were obliged to marry, and it is even a modern law of England that imposes a fire upon all the bachelors in the kingdom of twenty-five years and over; but the law is not enforced. out the law is not enlored.

MOTHER. We certainly do not approve of the use of straight-backed chairs in school; they do not, as is supposed, make a girl sat straight or give strength to her back; they make the curve of the back unnatival and ungraceful, and as an instrument of torture are more likely to make a girl crooked than straight. We do not approve of holling on a sola; but, if a girl is tired and wants to rest herself, let her have a comfortable chair.

GROCER. Chocolate, the flour of the cocoanut, was first introduced into England from Mexico, in the year 1520, and soon after became a favorite beverage throughout the world.

FIREMAN. For burns and scalds, mix prepared chalk with some lard, so as to form a thick ointment, and spread this mixture carefully over the burns.

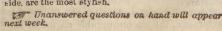
JESSIE C. You should make your dresses easy and loose, if you wisn the fine proportions of body, observable among the Greek statues, which serve as models to our artists: lature is usually too much disfigured among Americans to afford such models. The Greek won en were ignorant of the use of whalebones. Every thing that confines and lays nature under restraint, is an in-tance of bad taste; gracefulness can not exist without case and comfort; therefore, if women will wear straight-laced dresses, with whalebones, they will be ungraceful.

HENRY COIT. The great pyramid of Egypt weighs 12,760,000 pounds, and, according to Herodotus, it took the labor of 100,000 men twenty years to build it. Dr. Lardner affirms that 480 tons of coal, with an engine and hoisting-marhine, would have raised every stone to its position in one-twentieth of that time.

T. DANE. If your child has the small-pox, to prevent pitting, he must not be all wed to rub or pick the pustules. If he is too young to obey these di-rections, let the pustules be smeared with cream by the means of a feather. Let the finger-nails be cut short and the hands sewn up in bags.

Young Lady. Golden ornaments for the hair are nuch worn now, and some of them are of the most unique description.

MATTIE. Have your boots, for housewear, made of kid. Those with two rows of buttons up either side, are the most stylish,



PICTURE OF INNOCENCE.

BY T. J. G.

Two little children at play,
Giving no thought of the morrow;
All through the bright summer day
Knowing no care and no sorrow.

Two little faces so white, Under their little hats beaming, Four little eyes, all so bright, Always so reguishly gleaming,

Four little pattering feet,
Always in mischief a-straying,
Tempts one almost to repeat
Childhood again, and be playing.

Healthy and bright as the morn, Fresh as the breath of the wildwood; Where is the man that would scorn To linger awhile in his childhood?

Two little children at prayer,
Four little hands tightly folded:
Oh, such a mischievous pair!
Yet, most too good to be scolded.

Two little forms in their beds, Pencefully, quietly sleeping; Two little curly brown heads Out from the coverlets peeping. Grant them thy surest protection! Teach them the wrong and the right, And that thy way is perfection.

Helen's Secret.

BY MARY REED CROWELL,

A DARK-HAIRED, brown-eyed girl, with a clear, fair skin, and small scarlet lips, arched like a Cupid's bow, but that just now were slightly parted, and trembling with half-suppressed displeasure.

Just across the room, lounging in an atti-tude of careless gracefulness over the back of the tall reception-chair, George Templeton was watching every play of those clear-cut features he had learned to love so dearly in the past sunny summer days, that had passed so quickly and rapturously away. He was just a trifle amused at the honest

indignation in Helen Woodville's eyes as she fixed them fearlessly on his own halfshe fixed them fearlessly on his own half-laughing, half-questioning blue ones; he had only asked her one simple question, but it had brought that little tempest of fire into her eyes and cheeks. "Only one simple question" he had put to her, as indifferently as he could, for, truth to chronicle, George Templeton, learned, petted and handsome as he was, was just the wee tiniest bit jealous of—Helen's secret.

He had not troubled himself much about

He had not troubled himself much about it before they were engaged, though there were not a few venom-tongues who had openly told him there was something amiss with "that Helen Woodville;" but latterly, when everybody knew they were to be mar-ried at the Christmastide, and nearly every other person he met had something to re-mark about "Miss Woodville's peculiari-ties," he, too, began to wonder what it all

Not that he cared a jot about it, he reason-Not that he cared a jot about it, he reasoned to himself, only, with a sort of natural curiosity, he merely thought he would like to know about this "queerness" of the sweet, beautiful girl who had promised, with quivering mouth and tear-pearled eyes, to be all his own.

Not that George Templeton believed aught against her fair fame.

He proudly flattered himself that he, of all people, knew what a nure womanly girl

all people, knew what a pure, womanly girl she was; yet, now that he had quietly and lovingly said to her, that bright afternoon:

"By the way, Helen, I would like to unravel this fearful mystery that envelopes you—and know, for certain, what it is that

takes you, an hour every morning and an hour every afternoon, away from your

Then the brown eyes had flashed, and the fair cheeks surged over with the deepest car-

"George! is it possible you have been listening to all Greenvale's gossip? I thought you above such petty littleness!" And her evasive answers, and her evident confusion, although her words were prompt

and ringing, stung him to the soul.
"I hope I am above all 'littleness,' Helen, but every tongue says-

She interrupted his low, grave words in her own hasty, impetuous way "What do I care for what they say? if you choose to believe them in preference to

ne-why, you have your choice She walked proudly away from him to ward the door; he sprung and detained her. "Helen! we must not quarrel-we, who love each other so. I would not wound you for the world, darling, only I thought your secrets should be mine, that I might defend you before jealous people who seek to de-

endeavored to take her hand, but it was firm as the door-knob, and when he glanced brightly in her face, he knew by the stormy gloomy there, that her proud, sensitive soul was stung to the very quick.

Defame me-me She answered quickly, and then her mouth closed tightly, as if she feared to trust herself to speak.

"But remember, dearest, I share no one's cruel suspicions.

Indeed!" and a sneer curled her beautiful mouth; a sneer that was half a smile, displaying her small white teeth; "am I to be so very grateful to you that you conde scend to wear my colors after you have heard such terrible calumny against me?" "Don't Helen! you are so angry now, you-

Yes, George Templeton, angry, yet not afraid to acknowledge to you, in words, that there is a secret, which all Greenvale, and doubtless yourself, would be delighted to share, but which no human being shall share until the proper time, in my estimation, ar-

And with a haughty nod of her head that dismissed him as effectually as language could have done, she left his presence, flushed and almost choked by her swift heartbeats; while he, grave, quiet, thoughtful, took his hat and departed from Mrs. Cortelyou's parlor—Helen's boarding-place, and

Poor Helen! George Templeton had so often pitied her because she was an orphan; and so many times pictured to himself and sketched for her, the delightful home of

which she should be mistress. And now, he had inadvertently offended her! he never had seen her so angry before, and he heartily wished, as he walked away that he had bitten his tongue before he had

Four years, with all their varied changes, had brought still greater ones to, at least, two people out of all the wide world-and

although George Templeton, as he sat in his back office, poring over long, dizzy-looking rows of figures, little knew to whom or how good fortune had come, he did realize most painfully that it had fled from him, right suddenly too.

He was heartsick for more than one reason, that winter night, as he sat in the lone-ly office, listening to the sullen sweeping of the wind down the chimney, and hearing the monotonous tramp of the private watchman as he stalked along the block.
First, because latest and worst, this failure

First, because latest and worst, this failure that must come, in a few days at furthest, was telling terribly on him. He was always so fortunate before, and his heaviest speculations had turned copper into gold—until just now, when fifty thousand dollars, nearly every penny he owned in the wide world, had disappeared in some hungry vortex, percer were to return never more to return.

He was disheartened and discouraged as he sat there, vainly trying to examine those dancing figures that, to his hot brain and eye-balls, seemed like myriads of little demons, laughing and rejoicing over the havoc

Then-only that was nothing unusual, for he did so scores of times daily, and had done it ever since they parted, she in just anger, he in outraged love—he got to think-

ing about Helen Woodville.

He never could forget her, never. He was not like other men who could fall freshly in love with every new face and each pair of merry eyes that laughed in theirs. His was a slow nature; slow to grow infatuated, slow to decide, and slower still to give up what he had once taken for

Yet, with all this strange lingering to action, George Templeton could love with an intensity and passion whose very endurance was its sweetest charm. So he loved Helen Woodville in the days when their love ran smoothly, and so, despite the four years that lay like a dark shadow between them, ne loved her that night, when it seemed as if he was shut out, or shut in, from any more comfort.

He had so longed to see her all those years; his first outbursting anger that she had totally refused to tell him her secret, had all died out—burnt itself out so to speak—before a fortnight of their separation had

passed by.

Then he had gone back to Greenvale, sorry and repentant; full of loving words with which to heal the break and bridge the chasm over which they might pass to each other again, in sweeter confidence than

But, from the moment when he rung Mrs. Cortelyou's front-door bell, and heard that Miss Woodville had packed her trunks and gone to a distant relative somewhere out West—she forgot exactly where, if, indeed, Miss Woodville had mentioned it at all— George Templeton had begun to age, and in these four years he had grown homelier than he knew; and yet he never could be a very plain-looking man, for his features were eloquent with intelligence and sweet-

But his eyes had grown lighter and wore a constant harassed look in them; his hair was thinner and somewhat gray streaked; and as he sat there, all alone, that night, his fortune gone, his love gone, he felt that life, even at thirty-three, was but a miserable burden, at best!

She was radiant in her fresh, bright beauty that night; her eyes were as brown as they had been four years agone, only that, as she stood earnestly gazing at them in the mirror, she herself could see the look of happy expectation and joyous anticipation

Helen Woodville was Helen Woodville still, only fours years older, with the turer grace four years—between eighteen and twenty-three—gives a naturally pretty

To-night she had put on a garnet velveteen dress, made without an inch of trim-ming on its rich surface, and with a train that added peculiar style and dignity to her

A cluster diamond ring sparkled on her finger; a diamond star caught her filmy lace collar; and in such elegantly simple attire, she awaited her happiness.

It was her uncle's house in which she was; a plain, cozy little cottage in Harlem, and Helen had come from Kansas only a month before with them, when they returned to New York.

Almost at once she had heard what made her heart almost break for joy; at once she had written a note, and this was the note:

"If Mr. George Templeton will call at ——, One Hundred and Forty-third street, Harkem, on Tuesday night, at nine, he will hear of news to his advantage." And this was Tuesday night; and as she

stood there, and heard the clock strike nine, her heart gave a sudden rapturous thrill; for she heard his well-known footsteps coming through the oil-clothed hall.

As he opened the door, in a sort of dumb amazement, his eyes fell on her dear face, as she stood, blushing and trembling, direct-

ly under the gasoline.

A second he paused, as if disbelieving his senses; then his eyes brightened, and he sprung toward her, clasping her in such a long, long embrace that it seemed to her she should suffocate.

Then, when they sat side by side on the little hair-cloth sofa, Helen told him that she had repented so bitterly and wanted now to make full amends. Would he listen to her "secret" now—and take, as a gift, the fifty thousand dollars he so needed in his present strait; the money she had been earning during those four years of absence; the money she had just begun to earn when she stole away, two hours daily from the noise and publicity of her boarding-house, to make her maiden attempts at fame and

She told him how she feared to tell any one then, lest she should prove unsuccess ful; "but now," she said, with her eyes full of glad, proud tears, "she had acquired both reputation and a fortune as the author-

ess of several popular novels."

And so, when the darkness was densest, and shipwreck seemed nearest, George Templeton was forever lifted from sorrow to joy, from poverty to riches, by "Helen's

Retribution.—A man who had been employed in a bank at Lesida, Spain, recently stole a key to the "strong-room," and visited it with the intention of robbery, when the door closed, the lock sprung, and he was imprisoned. Nothing was known of the matter till some time after, when occa-sion was had to visit the room, when his

Without Mercy:

THREADS OF PURE GOLD. A TALE OF TWO CONTINENTS.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL, AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"
"LAURA'S PERIL," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

LAWYER AND CLIENT.

On the following morning Byron Skittles, Esq., was seated in his office, looking over some legal documents, a pair of glasses on his large nose, and his big feet planted on the top of a small black table, while his diminutive body was almost lost in the depths of an immense leather-lined chair.

He had scanned over the papers, reassorted them, and was about to rise when a tap at the door caused him to take off his glasses, put down his feet, as he said: "Come

The door opened, and Madge, dressed up n her many-colored costume, entered. At first, Mr. Skittles' weak vision did not

penetrate her disguise, and he said, crisply "Go about your business, ma'am; wo don't want any Voodooing or fortune-telling

'Don't you know me better than that?" replied Madge, advancing, and looking him

in the face. Why, goodness me!" and he put on his glasses and took a long stare at the odd-looking creature before him. "I've seen you often on the streets; and so you are Margaret Moulton, alias the Voodo Queen of the First Municipality?"

"Yes," she answered, placing her basket of herbs upon the table; "I use this dis-guise to protect myself from insult, and to

work out a living as well."
"Quite original. Upon my conscience, I wouldn't have known a bit of you. But my dear madam, you can do better than sell herbs; you can make him support you. Why don't you do it? Money is better—that is, it will go a great deal further—than revenge, and be altogether more satisfac-

The woman's face was burning red underneath the yellow stain, as she replied "I wouldn't touch a cent of his money; it would appear to me like Gertie's blood money; and, besides, I want ample satisfac

"But, would not money satisfy you? I don't mean, mind you, a miserable stipend, but a good round sum."
"No!" impatiently. "I don't want

You had better think again," he said, astonished at her vindictiveness; "remember, my dear madam, money is money."

She looked sharply, suspiciously, into his face, as she said: "Why do you wish to settle this matter in this way?"

The question was unexpected, and it brought the blood to the little ugly face, but Skittles managed to call up a sickly

"For no other reason, ma'm, than to benefit you. Possibly there is not another attorney at the New Orleans bar that would advise you to do this, for the very reason that your acceptance of it would take that your acceptance of it would take money out of my own pocket. Yes, ma'm, out of my own pocket. Now that seems strange to you, doubtless," and here he tossed his head to one side, and shut tight his right eye, staring all the time, at a tremendous rate, out of the other, "but my heart is human, not professional. I have tried to be sordid and selfish like other men, but I can't no structle as I will I can't."

can't; no, struggle as I will, I can't."

He seemed very sorry that his heart was was not to be deceived by this cheap display of grief, and, lifting her basket, she said, curtly: "So your heart is too soft, eh? Well sir, there are others who will be glad to attend to my business for me.

She was about to say "good-morning," when Mr. Skittles bounded out of his seat as if he was composed, in a great measure of India rubber, and, laying his hand coax-

ingly upon her arm, said:
"You jump at conclusions altogether too readily when you think that I would not prosecute your suit, my dear madam. I'm well aware of the fact that you can obtain any amount of advice, yes, madam, any amount, but—" and here he paused and looked at her with an assumed benevolence of expression that in any other instance might have been irresistible, but in the pre-

sent case was wholly lost on Madge, who simply said, in a frigid way:

"Well, Mr. Skittles?"

"Well, ma'm, as I was going to remark, you will find few gentlemen in legal circles who will step out of the beaten path of professional labors, as I have done, to advise

you to settle on a money basis.' But I don't want money," snapped Madge, impatiently.

I understand that now," he answered 'and be it far from me to force, either by inuendo or direct, any client of mine into a ine of policy not congenial to their taste. If you say shove matters, I'll push him against the wall in a twinkling."

against the wall in a twinkling."

"That's what I want done," replied Madge. "When will you begin?"

"Sit down," he said, pointing to a chair into one himself. "Now, the and sinking into one himself. "Now, the first thing is, what do we intend to prove Please run over the main facts, as you did last night, and I'll jot them down.

'Don't you remember what I told you only last evening?" "Oh, yes, very well; that is, I've a general idea of the case, but I want the dates and details, you know. Nothing hits a jury as hard in a case like this as dates." He picked up his pen and waited for her

Madge looked down upon the floor a while; then into the wee, expectant face in front of her, and after passing her hand over her forehead a number of times, she

said, in a slow, hesitating way: "My poor brain is very weak, and I've been treated so cruelly in this world, that I've got Gertie's trouble all mixed up with my own. Let me see. Do you want me to begin at the first?"

"Yes, certainly; at the first."
"Well, then, the beginning was Harold Holcombe's coming to our home in Huntsville, Alabama."

"That was, when?" interrupted Skittles.
"That was in July, 1837, I think."
"Very good; July, '87," he put down the ate. "Well, go on."
"He remained there all that summer and in the state of the following years." winter, and in March of the following year he married my sister, Gertrude Moulton, who everybody called the beauty of Ala-

"March, 1838," repeated the the lawyer, as his pen flew over the paper. "Well, what followed the marriage?"
"After a few months the young English."

man grew tired of his American bride, and one night he disappeared. Gertie was wild with grief, and we thought for a while she was going to lose her wits. Insanity, you must know, is a malady that runs in our family.

"Ah!" was the only remark made by Mr. Skittles; and Madge proceeded:
"After Gertrude's child was born—that

is the girl what they call Hester Corwin—my sister said to me, 'Margaret,' said she, 'I'm going to hunt for Harold, and I want you to look after my poor baby. Be a mother to it, if I never come back; and then she went away in the night, without a single soul knowing any thing about it."
"Went off in the night," repeated the lawyer; "well?"

Yes, went off, and six weeks after she met him on the steamer Magnolia, at Mem-They met on the guards, after sup per, and on her recognizing him they had some words, when he lifted her up and threw her overboard—yes, sir! and our poor Gertie has never been heard of since!" Who witnessed this?" put in the law-

yer.
"The watch of the boat and two passen-

"And why was not Holcombe arrested on "He would have been, sir, but he leaped "He would have been, sir, but he leaped thought into the river at once, and everybody thought he was drowned. I thought so myself for

five years; then I found him out. He was a widower for the second time then."
"Good!" ejaculated the attorney; "this

is as good as a romance. Well?"

"I took his child, Hester, to him, and made him swear to give her every thing he possessed, both in England and America, on condition that I should not hang him." Yes, and he did not keep his oath, eh?"

"His English heir, whom he intended to marry Hester to, married another, and Harold drove Gertie's child out into the world."
"Very foolish proceeding on his part," remarked Skittles, "But where are your witnesses now—the mate and the two pas-

"The passengers I know nothing about; the mate, Jacob Pendlip, lives at Paducah, Kentucky—or, at least, did live there four

"And where is your sister Gertrude's marriage certificate?" The woman looked at the lawyer sharp-y. "What is that to you?" she asked. "Oh, nothing," he replied; "only it is

necessary to prove the legitimacy of this girl, Hester, in case of the death of her fa-"So it is," she said; "I didn't think of that before." Then, after a moment's silence, she added: "I have got the certificate all right. But, now, when will you have him arrested?"

"Well, it will take some time to go up there and have all the papers made out, you see."

"No need to go up there," she said; he is in the city at this very moment." "Indeed!" with well affected surprise:

"Where ?" At the St. Charles Hotel." "That's a good thing; I'm glad of that. To-night we'll arrest him."

Why not to-day?" "It will take all day to make out the papers, my dear madam, and only the utmost expedition will get them ready in time to take action this evening. But I'll do my best-my very best.'

She thanked him in her quick, blunt manner, and, after promising to call again in the morning, left.

heard, the little attorney rubbed his hands. and muttered: "A sharp customer, but not a match for Skittles by a long shot. No, sir ee! Mr. Holcombe must leave town to-day, and that will give us a chance to get rid of the wo-man in some way. One person is quite enough to have possession of such a precious

secret-quite enough.' He put on his hat, made a circuitous journey to the St. Charles Hotel, and informed Harold that Madge would not compromise Then she must be otherwise dealt with,'

said Harold. The lawyer closed one eye, and said : Quite right—in some other way !" They understood each other.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARTING. On the third day after Bijah had incurred his master's displeasure, he was seated in front of his cabin mending a fishing-rod, and wondering if Harold really meant to carry out his threat of sending him to Ala-

He had talked the whole matter over and over again with Bett, and they had almost concluded that Harris was only a disagree-able myth conjured up to frighten them and that 'Bijah would never leave Big Brier Bend at all. However, the threatened sep-aration had had the effect of bringing out a great deal of latent affection on both sides, and the prospect of parting in their case, as in all others, made them appreciate their session of each other more fully than they had ever done before.

But, notwithstanding their hopes, the shadow of Harold Holcombe's threat still enshrouded them, and 'Bijah, mending his pole, tried in vain to hum a favorite ditty. Presently Bett came out and sat down beside him with her sewing. There was a silence of a few moments, and then Bett observed that the pole was a very old one,

and she wondered 'Bijah did not go out to the swamp and cut a new one.
"Well," replied the old man, "I might hav' done dat, but I'se kinder queer in some t'ings. I always hankers for de ole t'ings an' de ole places. Bett, gal, I'd nebber leabe de Bend if it was let' to me. No, sir,

I nebber, nebber would."
He shook his head sadly, and the old woman, seeing the tears gather in his eyes, said: "P'r'aps'twill be lef' to you, 'Bijah. I do believe de storm has blowed ovah, an' dat you're gwine to stay at home, aftah

They talked the matter over for the next half-hour; and by this time Bett had instilled into his spirit some of her own hopefulness, and 'Bijah began to talk about putting a new roof on the cabin in the early spring, and of other improvements in the interior, which he predicted would add, not only to its beauty, but to the comfort of its inhabitants as well.

Just as this matter had received its final settlement, Wilson, the overseer, was seen approaching from the direction of the Hall.

He came with rapid strides, and, ere either of the old couple had time to conjecture the nature of his visit, he said : 'Bijah, Mr. Harris has sent his man af-

"Aftah me?" echoed the old slave, his heart sinking within him. "An' do dey really mean to take me away, Mr. Wilson?

Do dey really mean to take me 'way?"

"Yes," was the unfeeling reply; "get ready at once."

"No, no, not now," gasped poor old Bett, flinging her arms about her husband's meck and straining him to her bosom.

"Oh, Massa Wilson, ef you take 'Bijah 'way, dis chile will die—die suah! die suah!"

"Take h'art, Bett gal," whispered 'Bijah,

pressing his hand caressingly on her head; "de Lord will comfort you in yer loneliness, an' mebbe will habe de goodness to call us bofe up dar soon, whar dar will be no sellin' 'way to Alabama, or any oder

"I can't let you go!" screamed Bett, clinging closer and closer; "it's like pullin' out de h'art out uv one's body."

"But mebbe ole massa will take me back," said 'Bijah, endeavoring to soothe Bett, "an' we'll die togeder yet."

"No, no!" cried the old woman; "you will public see Pice Brian Pondami; "you will public see Pice Brian Pondami; "you

will nebber see Big Brier Bend again, an' we separate now foreber an' eber. Oh, I can't stan' it, I can't stan' it! 'Bijah boy,

She tore herself away, and rushed frantically into the cabin, and Wilson took this

opportunity to touch the old slave upon the houlder, and say:
"Come now, before she comes out

'Yes, sah," replied 'Bijah, walking to Hes, san, replied Blain, wanting to the open window. Looking in, he saw Bett stretched upon the floor sobbing and moaning, which moved him so that he said: "Jest let me say good-by once again, Mas-

"Jest let me say good-by once again, Massa Wilson, please."

"No, no; come on!" was the reply; "we're losing time."

"Bijah looked at him reproachfully.

"But, Massa Wilson, I'm gwine away from dis place; in an hour or two you won't be troubled wid dis ole man any more; an' I only axes five minutes. It's pretty hard, Massa Wilson, to habe to lebe all you like, all you lub, an' go into banishment, an' nebber see any ob dese t'ings ag'in. Ah, Massa Wilson! I'se been so long heah dat I'se got to lub de place as an ole frien', an'—an' I'se gwine in 'mong strangers dat don't car' a cent weder 'Bijah's heart aches or not."

It did strike even Wilson as a hard lot,

and he said, somewhat kindly: "Go on, then, and say good-by. Mr. Harris is waiting up at the house for us, and so don't keep him waiting; he won't like it."

'Bijah promised to be expeditious, and disappeared. He came out directly, holding Bett's hand, and Wilson noticed that

the tears were silently coursing down the The old woman leaned against the doorpost, and said: "Good-by, 'Bijah; you's bin a good man to me, an' now we's partin' foreber, I'll pray de Lo'd you be happy down in Alabama as ye hev bin heah at de ole Bend; an' I kin tell you 'twill be a

She began to cry harder than ever, and 'Bijah muttered, in a broken voice: "Goodby, Bett gal, an' I'll meet you dah some

He pointed to the sky, now golden in the sunset, and hurried after Wilson. Turning around, when he had put a hundred yards between him and his former home, he saw Bett lying across the threshold, and he knew that she had fainted.

"God A'mighty help dat poor, lonely ole oman," he said, and burst into tears again. That night Bijah, from the deck of the steamer Princess, saw the lights of Holcombe Hall twinkle into gloom and nothingness, and he then realized, more keenly than ever, that he was the property of the man who stood quietly by his side, wholly oblivious of the pain that was gnawing at the poor slave's heart. He felt too, that he was paying a terrible penalty for one indiscre-

CHAPTER XXII.

A NEW PLOT. HAROLD HOLCOMBE arrived home the morning after 'Bijah's departure, disappointed, miserable, and badly scared too. He had relinquished his search after Hester, and fled from New Orleans, lest Madge should take it into her head to have him apprehended for Gertrude Moulton's mur-

He had given Byron Skittles one hundred dollars as a retaining fee to bind him to his interests, and the little attorney had promised to clip the claws of the Voodoo queen, and make her perfectly harmless; or, failing in this, he was pledged to give Harold timely warning to quit the country, and

thus escape the gallows. This last, however, was a dernier resorte, and was not to be thought of as long as any other expedient remained untried. was not over-confident of Byron Skittles' power to control Madge, and hence it was that on his arrival at Holcombe Hall he instructed Toy—who alone of all the servants knew his secret—to load his revolvers and bring them to the library.

He had quite made up his mind to offer a desperate resistance in case the officers of the law should attempt his capture.

But there was no need of this precaution, for, during the night, the door-bell at Hol-

combe Hall was rung with great violence, and Toy brought the intelligence to Harold. who stood pale and excited—pistol in hand—in the center of the library, that a gentleman named Skittles from the city wished

"Skittles?" repeated Harold. "Is he a small man ?" "Yes, sir," replied Toy; "very small."
"Wears a high silk hat?"

"A very high one, sir." "Has very large feet, eh?"
"Well, sir, I couldn't say for that," an-

swered Toy; "it was too dark to see the "Ah, yes! to be sure. I never thought

of that. Tell him to come in."

Toy did so, and Byron Skittles, with his huge umbrella still under his arm, stalked into the apartment, in the center of which he stood for a moment, looking curiously

about him. "Good-evening, Mr. Holcombe," he said, at length, approaching Harold, hat in hand.
"Comfortable quarters here, very comfortable upon my word. Better than I expected; in fact, sir, I had no idea we had such fine houses in Louisiana. I see you understand what good living is and—"



Where did you come from?" interrupted Holcombe, out of all patience.
"New Orleans," coolly replied Skittles, dropping into a chair, and making room for his hat on the table beside him.

When did you leave there?" At five o'clock this evening." "Well, go on; what brought you here?" demanded Harold.

"Can't you guess?"
"No, sir. I can't guess; I've no time for guessing. Go on; don't you see I'm all impatience?"

Skittles lifted his heavy brows and looked his questioner calmly in the face. "I see," he said. "I came up with Madge."
"With Madge?" ejaculated Harold, start-

ing up.
"Yes, with Madge," replied the lawyer; "but there is no cause for alarm. Your case is in the hands of an attorney who understands fully the line of policy adopted by the opposition. So, you see, you're lucky—a devilish sight luckier than most people I know."

"Where is she now?"
"Gone to her cabin; I promised to sleep in the cotton-shed, and so got rid of her."
"What does she propose doing? What brought her back so suddenly?"

"I told her it was necessary to come up here and have the case tried in St. James Parish. To-morrow I'm to have you arrest-

"Me?" exclaimed Harold, grasping his

"Now, don't get excited," said the little man; "nothing so ill becomes a man of sense as excitement; besides, as I said before, I have provided for your safety.'
"How—in what manner?"

"Will you be calm? I can't talk business unless you act like a sane man.' With an effort, Holcombe managed to

drop into his seat and hold his breath while Skittles proceeded to say that there was no-thing to be gained by dealing tenderly with Madge.
"I'm aware of that," replied Harold,

"and I'm tired of it, too."
"Well, then, tell me," said the wee lawyer, "have you a room in this house, or on
this place, that could be converted into a
prison on short notice?"

Where is it ?"

In the tower." Is it a secure roo

'No means of escape?" None. Any windows?"

"No; only two small apertures, and these are grated."

Skittles smiled blandly; got up, shook Harold's limp hand, helped himself to the wine that sat upon the table, sat down again, and simply said, smacking his lips as he did so, "Good!"

so, "Good!"
This pantomime was exceedingly disagreeable to Holcombe, who was feverishly anxious to hear Skittles' programme unfolded, and so he said: "Pray tell me what you purpose doing?"

you purpose doing?"
"Can't you guess?"
"No!" bluntly.
"Then I'll tell you. I propose making Miss Madge a prisoner, and that room up in the tower her prison. Once there, you can clean peacefully and she will fare better. sleep peacefully, and she will fare better than she does now. Poor thing; it will be a good change for her."

The plan met Harold's approval at once, and he couldn't help wondering how it was that he had never thought of this expedient

But when do we secure her?" he asked. To-night," the little man said. Why to-night?"

"Because, if you don't arrest her to-ght, she will have you jailed to-mor-"Enough," replied Harold. "How many will it take?"

How many what-men?"

You and I can do it. No one else need know of the affair. It will be more safe."
"I see," said Harold; "but Toy-my
man Toy-knows every thing, and hence there is no reason why we should attempt to keep him in the dark as to this matter.

He will be her jailer, you know."
Skittles did not relish the idea of having a common, vulgar servant in his confidence

and he said so, but Harold replied:
"Toy is as faithful as a spaniel; I will answer for him. Besides, as I said before, we must take him into the secret if we bring her here.'

Well, then, if we must, we must," said lawyer, at last. "Where is this model n—this fellow, Toy?" the lawyer, at last.

Holcombe touched a bell-cord at his elbow; afar off a musical bell tinkled softly, and the next instant Toy stood bowing in

the doorway.
"Come in, Toy," said Harold. "We have something to communicate to you." The man advanced, and his master addi: "This is Mr. Skittles, from the city—a

friend of mine, who has kindly volunteered triend of mine, who has kindly volunteered to help me to escape the snare set for me by that infernal vixen, Madge."

Toy said, "Ah! indeed?" and looked shyly at the lawyer, who, in turn, looked hard at him, as he said: "Mr. Toy, I have placed the greatest confidence in your discretion, and I trust that, in our future interceurse, nothing will occur calculated to

tercourse, nothing will occur calculated to mar that confidence in the slightest, or impair the good opinion your frank, honest face created on my first seeing you."

Toy bowed almost to the floor, and said:

"And now to business," continued Skit-tles, addressing himself to Toy: "you are familiar with this woman's premises, are

"Yes, sir; I know where she lives."
"Ah!" with great solemnity, "you know where she lives. Good! You will, I presume, under the direction of Mr. Holcombe here, conduct us to her abode?" Yes, sir, with pleasure.

"And assist us in making her a prisoner?"

"And aid us in conveying her to the dark room up there in the tower?"
"I will."

Harold was about to make an observation, but Skittles, with the greatest importance in the world, waived him into silence, merely remarking, by way of explanation: "I believe your case is in my hands; if so, permit me to conduct it after my own ideas." Then, turning to Toy, he said: "Now get

your hat, my man, and we'll be ready in a jiffy."
Ten minutes later the three men stole noiselessly out of the side entrance to the Hall and turned their steps toward Dark

Swamp.
(To be continued—Commenced in No. 114.)

HAWKEYE HARRY, Young Trapper Ranger:

THE MYSTERY OF THE WOOD.

BY OLL COOMES, AUTHOR OF THE "BOY SPY," "BOY CHIEF," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COMBAT IN THE WATER.

TOGETHER fell the tomahawks of the two antagonists-Hawkeye Harry and the

There was a dull crash, a low moan followed by a slight rustling of the dry reeds, a shock of the two canoes. Nora raised her head to see her young protector leaning slightly forward upon one knee, unharmed. But in his hand he clutched a tomahawk whose edge was stained with blood, and glancing just beyond, a terrible sight met her gaze. The savage, with cloven head, lay with his body hanging partly out of the canoe, while from the ghastly wound a stream of blood was trickling into the wa-

ter of the bayou.

The escape from the Indian's tomahawk was miraculous. When both weapons descended, the Indian was standing up; consequently Harry's hatchet pierced the savage's brain before the weapon of the red-skin had reached his antagonist's head. The blow threw the savage backward, as the tomahawk descended, so close to his face that he felt the wind of its swift de-

"I hope, Nora, you will not think hard of me for taking human life, or rather the life of a savage, which is but a grade higher than the wild panther of the woods."

"No, Harry," responded the maiden, "I have heard of the horrors of border warfare. No one could think hard of another for taking human life in self-defense. But I know I am a burden on your hands, and

I fear I may yet cost you your life."
"You are a burden, pretty Nora," said the young man, in a moment of enthusiasm, "that it affords me the greatest joy of my life to bear. Do not think otherwise. only fears are that I can not serve you long enough. If the Indians do not make further search in the bayou, we may escape. But I am now afraid that the absence of their companion may lead them to investigate the cause."

The young ranger now proceeded to examine their situation. He saw the savages moving along the edge of the river in canoes, and some on the bank on foot, examining every stone and blade of grass for the trail. But that which made Harry the most uneasy was a number of warriors standing on the shore with their eyes fixed, apparently, upon the very spot where the unfortunate savage had entered the dense chapparal of reeds

He knew that, if the savage did not make his appearance soon, they would likely go in search of him; and, as the red-skin had left a broad trail behind him where he entered the reeds, they would have no trouble in finding him; so the young ranger at once resolved to seek some other point of

security among the tall reeds.

Having possessed himself of the dead Indian's lance and tomahawk, Harry parted the stalks before the prow of the canoe, and pulled it along through the opening thus made, taking great pains to rearrange the reeds to their natural position when passed to the rear of the craft.

In this manner he drew the canoe over two rods from where the dead warrior lay, and at last pulled the canoe into a little glade-like spot nearly ten feet in diameter, yet where the reeds and flags grew much taller, and their long, slender blades, courting the sunshine and freedom of the opening, inclined inward all around the edge of the glade, thus forming a perfect panoply of blades and stalks overhead, and a beautiful retreat.

In this place the young trapper again took his stand. But such a dense body of stalks now intervened between them and the foe that the latter could not be seen. Here the fugitives would have to remain

until the Indians left, or they were enabled to make their escape under cover of dark-

The day were away, and the shadows of evening began to gather along the river. Our young friends began to breathe more freely. They would soon be enabled to move from their peril, although the Indians still ratained their position upon the river. still retained their position upon the river-

The wind had sprung up, and by dark was blowing a brisk gale from the south. The sky was overcast with clouds that foretold a dark night, if not one of drizzling, autumnal rain, so common at this season of

Being to the windward, Harry could hear an occasional sound above the rustling of the reeds that told him the Indians were still on the river-bank, and at the moment when the young ranger was about to begin his retreat from the reeds, he heard the plash of oars in the middle of the bayou, not ten paces from where they were con-

The red-skins were searching either for them or the absent warrior-perhaps both! The plash of oars continued along the reeds in the bayou, and finally grew more numerous, but not a word could be heard from the lips of the occupants. Finally he heard the relimp of heard the raking of a canoe in among the reeds, and knew from the location of the sound that the Indians had found where their dead comrade had entered the thicket, and were following his trail. This fact was soon confirmed by a low exclamation of surprise and suppressed indignation, which told Harry that the body of the savage had

been found. Not a sound save the rustle of the dry reeds and stalks could be heard after this discovery; but the silence boded ill. Warning Nora of their impending peril, the oung ranger put every faculty upon the

An hour stole by, when his keen ear detected a light plash on the water near the canoe. He fixed his eyes upon the darkness, and was not a little surprised to see two dull, scintillating orbs of fire glowing through the darkness not over three yards from the canoe. They were close upon the surface of the water, and just back of them he could see a dark, spherical object which he was satisfied was the head of an Indian,

whose body was submerged in the water. Silently Harry grasped the dead warrior's lance, with the determination of using it upon the cunning red-skin. Drawing the weapon back, he thrust it forward with all his strength.

A savage yell of agony pealed out upon the night-air, almost chilling the blood in Nora's veins. But, like a heroine, she ut-

tered no word of affright, but nestled closer to the form of her young protector.

Harry aimed the lance so as to pierce the savage's breast, and from the desperate tugging at the weapon he knew his aim had been true.

had been true. He quickly relinquished his hold upon the lance, and seized the oars to flee, for he knew the death-wail of the savage would soon bring others upon them. But, at this instant, Nora caught the outline of a pair of long arms that were thrust outward from the reeds behind him; then she felt Harry dragged from her side out into the water with a crash, where a fearful struggle at once began.

The brave and noble girl, obeying the injunctions of the young ranger, never uttered a sound, but with her hands clasped over her heart, she mentally prayed, with all the fervency of her young soul, for the mereiful Father to spare the life of Hawkeye

The struggle between the youth and the unknown foe—which was a savage, of course—became desperate. Neither uttered a word or cry. But the floundering in the water; the crashing of the reeds; the dull thumping of the blows; the gasping, and aboved breathing of the compatents told labored breathing of the combatants, told that it was a deadly conflict.

Poor Nora! She sat alone, trembling with fear, and when she had invoked Heaven's protection on the young ranger's life, she leaned forward and strained her eyes through the darkness, in hopes of seeing if she could not help Harry. But she could see nothing. She could only listen to the awful sounds and pray—pray for Harry's

Oh! it was a fearful moment for that young girl-a moment of agonizing suspense such as is never erased from memory.

For several minutes the struggle contin-ued, but, finally, the blows became fewer and feebler. Then there came a quick, heavy gasping, a low, gurgling sound, and the noise gradually ceased. Oh, heavens! one of the combatants was drowning! Which

Was it the Indian? was it Hawkeye

Nora asked herself these questions, that were echoed in agony from her heart.

She longed to call out to Harry to know if he were the victor, but her presence of mind told her that such an act would only

increase Harry's danger if he were alive.

She waited. Oh, what moments of torturing agony! The wind had ceased rustling the reeds, as if to lend silent terror to the moment.

A deep silence reigned—a silence as dread as that of the grave.

Ten minutes passed by

Then to the ears of Nora Gardette came a faint sound, like that of a living creature dragging itself through the water. It was approaching the canoe in which she sat.
Was it an Indian, or was it Harry? was

it either? She tried to speak the youth's name—to ask if he were alive—but her tongue refused to perform its office; it was paralyzed with terror and suspense.

Motionless, and with dilated eyes, the maiden sat and listened and watched.

knew not whether she would be seized the next moment by a savage, or receive the joyful tidings of Harry's victory and escape. It was a struggle between hope and fear—the most terrible moment of her young life.

Closer and closer she heard that dragging sound approach. Then she felt a vibratory shock of the canoe, such as would be produced by a hand coming in contact with it. Then she saw a dark form rise above the rim of the canoe, closely followed by two dull, glowing orbs.

The one she readily saw was a human head and the other the eyes.

Was it Harry? She leaned forward, and involuntarily bent down until her face almost came in contact with that of the unknown, and peer-

ed into the scintillating eyes.

She started quickly back. It was the head and face of an Indian—a hideous painted Indian! Unable to restrain her emotions longer, nature broke beyond its bounds, and a

scream of terror pealed from the lips of

CHAPTER XII

Nora Gardette.

WAS CLOUDED HEART A TRAITOR?

THE morning sun arose clear and warm in a cloudless sky, and shone with unusual brilliancy upon the little Indian village of Red Wing. The villagers were astir quite early, for the chief, with a number of his company out of the chief. warriors, was to accompany Old Optic and the masked stranger, Clouded Heart, to the Sioux village to assist in rescuing their

children from captivity.

The chief had selected thirty of his best The chief had selected thirty of his best warriors for the expedition, and had them "rigged" out in all the panoply of the warpath. Each brave was provided with a pony, and well armed for the occasion.

Old Optic provided a pony for Clouded Heart, who made his appearance soon after daybreak, muffled and masked as on the previous night.

previous night.

The party was soon mounted, and filing out of the valley, took their course northward through the woods in single file, with the exception of Old Optic and Clouded Heart, who rode side by side in the rear of

The old trapper was now enabled to scan the form of his masked companion more

He was rather under medium size, and was dressed in a half-civilized and halfsavage garb. The hands and feet were small, yet the former were bronzed to the hue of an Indian. The head was still covered with a kind of hood, and the face with a leathern mask, through the holes of which the eyes gleamed like balls of fire. The mask was so fastened to the hood that neither wind nor accident could displace it

To the old trapper it was strange that this still stranger being would not permit his face to be seen. He wondered to what extent the man's success in rescuing his child depended upon keeping his face con-cealed. In fact, it was a little mysterious to the old trapper, and he could not, for some unknown reason, think otherwise than that the fellow would bear watching. He would not have put any confidence in him at all, had it not been for the truthful revelation he had made to him of his past life. It was this also that forced the conviction upon him that his story in regard to his child being a captive in the Sio. village

was true. The two conversed as they rode along on ger was not overly communicative, and seldom entered upon any new subject. At times, however, Old Optic caught his glowing eyes fixed upon him through his mask

with a strange, mysterious light.
"Have you any hopes of us recovering our children, Clouded Heart?" the old trap-

per finally asked. "I have, friend trapper," replied the stranger; "the majority of the Sioux warriors, under Black Buffalo, are away on the war-path now, and if we reach the village before their return, we may accomplish the object of our expedition without much

"It will take nearly two days to reach their town," said Old Optic, in a tone devoid of all his former rudeness; "but, by traveling after nightfall we would gain much time. But, Clouded Heart, how did you learn that my child is a captive among the Sioux ?" "I learned it from the lips of the destroy

er of your home and happiness," said Clouded Heart, and he fixed his glowing eyes upon the trapper with a steady, inquiring

"Ah! then you know who it was that won the affections of my false-hearted

False-hearted?" repeated Clouded Heart. "Friend trapper, you do the memory of your wife injustice. She was not false to

"Man!" exclaimed the old trapper, "what authority or proof have you for this asser-

"The authority with which truth endows every mortal, and the proof of many. No; your wife and child were lured from their home on the Ohio by a man whom she rejected ere she wedded you. The villain knew that you were absent from home on business, and took the opportunity for revenge upon you and your wife. He forged a letter purporting to come from you. It stated that you were lying very ill in the town of Nauvoo, on the Mississippi, and that you wanted her to hasten forthwith to your bedside. She started, poor deluded woman, to nurse her beloved husband. But, when near her destination, she was seized by a band of outlaws and carried away and sold to the Indians. What was the result? You returned home and found your wife and child gone, and such false evidence as convinced you that she had for-

was all a lie, friend trapper, a damnable lie."

"And this you know to be a fact, Clouded Heart—a solemn fact, do you?"

"A solemn fact," responded the masked

stranger. "Oh, God!" groaned the trapper.
"'Tis sad," added Clouded Heart; "for, friend trapper, I have experienced a sorrow

friend trapper, I have experienced a sorrow similar to yours in many respects."

"Then, Clouded Heart, you have my heartfelt sympathy. But, did you say my wife and child were sold to the Indians?"

"I said so, but it was only the child that was sold. Your wife—"

"Where is she?" gasped the old trapper.

"If you succeed in rescuing your daughter, who has grown to womanhood, they say, she will tell you what has become of her poor, persecuted mother, and will probably confirm all that I have told you."

"Oh, God! is this possible? It sounds so much like a fearful dream, Clouded Heart, that it startles me. But what sur-

Heart, that it startles me. But what sur prises me most is how you know all this." "It may, friend trapper, but, as I told you before, I learned it all from the lips of the man who destroyed your home and hap-

Does that person live?"

"And do I know him?"
"His name is Henri Roo groan burst from the trapper's lips. He had known Roche in the East not as an enemy, but as a gambler and profligate. A cloud of vengeance gathered over his face; then he became thoughtful and silent. His thoughts were principally of the mysterious Clouded Heart. It was quite probable that he had been in some manner leagued with Roche, and had finally become another of Roche, and had finally become another of his victims, and now had turned upon him. But, why should he go disguised? This was a perplexing question. But once, when he saw the flashing orbs of the stranger fixed upon him, a dark suspicion crossed his mind, and he could scarcely restrain himself from tearing the mask from his face. His better judgment prevailed, and if the masked stranger was Henri Roche, he resolved to keep an eye upon his movements, and endeavor to fathom the mysteries of his strange actions.

strange actions. No more was said about the painful matter, but the old trapper showed much uneasiness and great impatience.

The cavalcade moved on, and about noon

it debouched into a great prairie, stretching away in gentle undulation for leagues and Across this prairie the party took its course, and just at sunset they struck a small, wooded stream, that found its source

in Lake Okibogei. Upon this stream the party went into camp, for here they could obtain water and grazing for their animals.

The night passed without any excitement, and by daybreak the band was mounted and moving onward, following the course of the stream northward

Cld Optic and Clouded Heart rode to-gether as usual, and as they were now ap-proaching the Sioux village, they began discussing the best plans to effect the object of the expedition. As it was not known what force they would have to contend with, they could set-tle upon no definite course of action, until

after they had ascertained the strength of the enemy. The second day was nearly half gone, and the party had just stopped at noon, when one of the guards suddenly descried a party of horsemen galloping over the plain direct

Were they Sioux? The question passed from lip to lip, and

v toward them.

great excitement prevailed. The party was over two miles away, and, without a doubt, were Sioux or Arapahoes. Red Wing shook his plumed head omin-ously, then turning to his warriors, bade

them prepare for battle.

They had halted in a little clump of cottonwood trees on the banks of the stream. This would afford them a temporary screen, and with rifle in hand, the savages crouched among the trees, waiting the approach of

Old Optic noticed that Clouded Heart seemed uneasy, and believing that all was not right, he resolved to keep a watch upon The two conversed as they rode along on masked stranger had led them into a trap, now arose in his mind.

The old trapper noticed that Clouded Heart kept a close watch upon the approaching party, and when it suddenly swept into plain view from behind a gentle swell, not over half a mile away, the mysterious stranger stepped from the grove into plain view of the horsemen, and taking a red scarf

from his bosom, waved it above his head.
"Traitor!" burst in fierce accents from Old Optic's lips, and the next moment his rifle was leveled full at the breast of Clouded Heart!

CHAPTER XIII.

THROUGH FIRE.

As Nora's cry rung sharply out over bayou and river, the savage grasped the rim of the canoe and essayed to raise himself from the water into the craft; but scarcely had the maiden's scream died away, when there came a flounder through the water and reeds, followed by the dull crash of a blow; then, from the lips of the savage pealed a yell of death that fairly froze the blood in Nora's veins.

She felt the cunning red-skin release his

hold upon the canoe and fall backward like a leaden weight, while to the eyes of the distressed maiden another form appeared. It approached the canoe, and seizing hold of it, threw itself into the craft.

The maiden could scarcely repress a cry of joy. It was the voice of Hawkeye

"Ob, Harry! I was so'fraid you had been slain! My prayers for your deliver-ance have been answered! But, are you hurt?

'Not a bit of it, little one! I didn't get even a scratch, but I had an awful tussel with the red varmint."

'But your clothes are wet, Harry, and "But your clothes are wet, Harry, and you will get chilly and cold," she replied.

"No, little girl; our danger will require such active work as will keep my blood warm. This is nothing to me. Many's the time I've lain in a pond of water all night to escape the red-skins. I'm used to such exposure—hardened to it. But, our danger is increasing every moment. We must try and escape from here at once—ah! I hear the red-skins now, approaching through the the red-skins now, approaching through the

This conversation had been carried on in

a low tone, and was interrupted by a crashing through the dry reeds.

Taking a position in the prow of the canoe, the young ranger began parting the reeds before him and drawing the canoe through the opening thus made. He had proceeded a couple of rods under cover of this minute forest, when he stopped to lis-

He could hear the Indians talking in excited tones over the dead bodies of their comrades. He also learned that they were in doubt as to the force of the enemy, and that they had heard Nora's scream.

The youth listened intently in hopes of finding out the course the savages intended to pure to disloder their company but in

to pursue to dislodge their enemy; but in this he was disappointed. He heard them, however, lifting the lifeless forms of their friends into their canoes, and then move away toward the shore.

Hawkeye now felt satisfied that the sav-ages would resort to some other means of dislodging them from their covert, though he could form no idea what that recourse would be; for their stock of expedients was inexhaustible.

No time, however, was to be lost in getting from that wilderness of reeds and shade. So he applied himself vigorously to work. He had now reached a point where it was more difficult to proceed; the reeds, out from the dense shadows of the overhanging trees were sere and brown with nanging trees were sere and autumn's touch, and the water not being so deep, was obstructed with flakes of moss and tufts of rank, tall wire-grass. Still he worked on, ever and anon stop-

ping to listen; but the wind was rising again and roaring through the reeds and forest, and drowning all other sounds. He could hear nothing of the enemy. Their silence made him all the more uneasy. He knew they were not idle, and suddenly, when he had taken into consideration the tinder-like dryness of the reeds and grass, and the strong head-wind blowing across the bayou, a terrible fear took possession of

Like one whose life depended upon his actions, the youth pulled away at the canoe, and now, in his impatience, anxiety and fear, every foot of the way seemed to grow more obstructed. Suddenly a cry of terror burst from

Nora's lips.

The young ranger turned quickly. It required no words to tell him the cause of the maiden's affright. His worst fears had been realized. The savages had fired the reeds to the windward of them! One dense ball of red flame, reaching almost to the tree-tops, came rolling over the miniature wilderness toward them, with a roar.

Escape before that sheet of flame was impossible Two minutes more, and the bayou will be stripped of its fringe of reeds to the wa-ter's edge by that devouring billow of roaring, hissing, crackling flame!
(To be continued—commenced in No. 116.)

Bertha's Night.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

It was during the late civil war, when the youth of Herkimer county were in the army, that Bertha Chapin accepted a vacant clerkship in the store of Gilmer & Co., in Bestester in Rochester. Bertha was a fascinating girl of seventeen,

with deep blue eyes and a mass of golden curls, which drew, the people were wont to say jocosely, more than one love-loin bach-elor beyond the threshold. Just above the show room was a little

apartment neatly carpeted and furnished with all the articles necessary to a young lady's comfort; and thither Bertha would retire after the business of the night, to pass an hour in reading, and seek the waiting wing pullers. ing virgin pillows.

Would-be-Zephons said that young Ned Gilmer, then raiding with Kilpatrick, had furnished Bertha's chamber, for she had

promised to become his own when the cruel war was over. One bitter night in mid-winter, when the snow lay deep on the ground, and the bo-real blasts swept with wolfish howls through the deserted streets of Rochester, Bertha lay awake listening the while to the elemental

It was not yet midnight, for the coals still



blazed in the grate, and lent a pleasing warmth to the apartment.
"Until the winds lull, I will not sleep,"

said the girl, robing herself, and lighting an ornamental lamp.

And seating herself at the work-table,

she began the perusal of interesting pages.
All at once, in a momentary lull of the winds, Bertha heard a noise like that made by the teeth of a rat. The girl, in common with her timid sex, had a horror of rodentia and closed the volume and listened tia, and closed the volume and listened. The noise grew more and more distinct,

and Bertha suddenly reached the conclusion that it was occasioned by a saw, and eman-

What! were robbers attempting to enter a store defended by a weak woman?
It seemed thus to Gilmer & Co.'s beautiful clerk, as she stood near the lower double door, and listened to the tiny saw describing a circle just below the bar.

In a minute her timidity fled, and wellformed determination took its place.

The robber's hand would soon be thrust into the room to raise the iron bar, the only barrier between himself and the rich con-

tents of the building, and Bertha had not a moment to lose.

Gliding noiselessly from the door, she secured a strong cord, which she made into a noose, and returned.

The waning seconds seemed minutes to the breathless girl, while she stood there ready to lasso the burglar's hand, and hold

At last the saw was withrawn, the circular piece sawn out followed it, and Bertha saw the white vail of winter covering the frozen

Oh! how eagerly she waited for the hand. Suddenly in it glided, so like a woman's, small and white.

It had almost touched the bar when the brave girl slipped the noose over it, and the man found himself a prisoner, unable to move a foot.

The cord being of goodly length, Bertha made it fast to one of the heavy oaken scrolls of an adjacent counter, and, falling into Gilmer & Co.'s arm-chair, sighed for the An hour wore away without a noise from

the burglar outside. Ever and anon the girl would steal forward, get a glimpse of the imprisoned hand,

and resume her post.

Once she heard a groan of pain, and the silence that followed was broken by the fall of the hand to the floor! With a cry of horror, Bertha turned on the gas and ran forward.

Sure enough the robber had deliberately severed the useful member, for there it lay, the red gore gushing from the arteries.

It was a fearful sight for the beautiful blue eyes unused to bloodshed.

After a long time, she loosed the fatal noose, and poured water upon the bleeding member until it was white as hers. Then a searching look at its effeminate

contour caused an exclamation to part her "My God! It is Wilde Rabe's hand." She recognized it as the hand she had often taken in hers; the hand of one whose

wife she had refused to become, because she discovered that he loved her not as man should love a maid. She had not seen Wilde Rabe for many

months; but she had not forgotten his words, uttered in the frenzy of passion, when he left her side after his unsuccessful "Hear me, Bertha Chapin!" he cried;

When purposed vengeance I forego, Term me a wretch, nor deem me foe; And when an insult I forgive, Then brand me as a slave, and live." And with that he rushed from her pre-nce, grating the fearful word, "ven-ance," between his close-set teeth.

Morning came at last to the anxious one. Gilmer & Co. beheld with undisguised horror the pale hand of him who had loved

not wisely nor well, and some citizens, fol-lowing the bloody drops in the snow, at last came upon a man frozen to death in

a monster drift.

They raised him, and gazed upon the well-known, but ghastly face of Wilde Rabe. Faint with the loss of blood, he had sunk into the snow, and, all alone, excited his crimes. piated his crimes. It is more than probable that he intended

to enter Bertha's chamber, and satiate his fiendish desire for vengeance, because she loved one who fought for the cause he was too cowardly to defend.

The young girl received great praise for her bravery, and now, when happy near the heart of Ned Gilmer, she often thinks of her dreadful night.

Tracked to Death: THE LAST SHOT.

BY CAPT. MAYNE REID, AUTHOR OF "HELPLESS HAND," "LONE RANCHE," "SCALP HUNTERS," "WHITE CHIEF," BTC.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

SHADOWS OF EVIL SHAPE.

'Он, God!" This exclamation came from a head that appeared without body; for there was none

There was one, nevertheless-buried beneath the earth. It was Charles Clancy who sent up the

prayerful apostrophe.

A groan followed, as his eyes went wandering over the plain. He could see it for nearly the half of a circle—a great circle such assurrounds one upon the sea, but with a view no better than one has lying along the thwarts of a boat or swimming in the

He gave out a second groan as his glance fell to the ground after sweeping the semi-

There was no one in sight; no likelihood there would be; no chance of any one com-ing that way; no hope of his being released from his living grave!

It was to prevent this that they who buried him had gone nearly a mile out of their way in choosing that remote spot. For though pursued, their pursuers would not note the deviation. It was on a part of the arid table-land, where the turf was specially firm and impervious. Even a horse, with shoeing sharpened for frost, might pass over it without making marks that could be traced, except by the most skillful tracker.

There was one who might have done it-Simeon Woodley. Clancy thought of him, but with little hope. He remembered that then the back-woodsman would be far away. He could

not yet have reached the Mission-house. From where they had parted it was at least twenty miles to the upper crossing, and ten more down the opposite side of the stream
—a good day's journey, without any impediment. Besides there was no certainty of what awaited them at its termination; of what had happened to the colony, or how long the hunter might be detained.

And would Simeon Woodley see the necessity of coming back? He might not: for, on parting with him, Clancy had made no point of this. He had forgotten it in his eagerness to follow Darke, and had thought only of his conducting the sisters safely

Woodley might not return to search for him. If he did, there was but slight chance

"Oh, God!" Again he gave out the solemn exclamation — again groaned, as his glance, having scanned the horizon as before, fell hopelessly to the ground.

He now bitterly regretted, even reproached himself for having permitted the pirates to make him their prisoner so easily. He might have escaped—felt sure he could have done so—with the horse he had been riding. It was the brace of hybrids that had hindered him.

He had since seen both carried off, apparently in no danger. His hound, too, taken along with them, led in the leash he had himself so lately held. The robbers were not likely to do damage to any of the three—man, mule or dog. All would be of after service to them. Thus Clancy reflected, alas! too late. alas! too late.

Too late also his self-reproaches; their bitterness could not benefit him now.
What could? Nothing. This was the answer that met his eye as, time after time, he cast interrogatory glances across the plain. There was nothing upon it.

Yes! there was something seen just as the day reached its meridian. The sun, shining vertically down, was at intervals obscured by shadows flitting across its disk.

Not clouds. The shadows were more transient; besides, they had shape.

Clancy knew what was causing them.

He was only buried a little above the shoulders, and had still play for the vertebræ of his neck. By throwing his head backward, he could see the firmament above, to its vertex. But he did not need this to tell him what ever and anon made a penumbra over the sun. The shadows outlined on the smooth plain, in magnified proportion, showed long, outstretched necks and broadspread wings. He knew they were vul-

It was a sight bodingly significant. It brought vividly back to his remembrance the parting speeches of Borlasse.

To cause him agony of a keener kind, if this were possible, it but needed the addition of wolves.

tion of wolves.

And these were soon added. A group of coyotes, gathering in from all sides, became part of the terrible tableau. A horrid spec-tacle to him whose head formed the center

figure.

No wonder he again groaned, as he again repeated the cry, "Oh, God!"

CHAPTER LXXXIII. A DAY OF HORROR.

On, throughout the whole day, past its meridian, through the long afternoon, across the short interval of a Texan twilight, and into the light of a Texan moon, did Clancy

endure his terrible imprisonment.

Alone, or only in the companionship of Alone, or only in the companionship of hostile creatures—wolves threatening to tear the skin from his skull, vultures preparing to peck the eyes out of his head!

Oh, it was horrible! Why went he not mad?

There were moments when his senses well.

Alone, or only in the companionship of hostile creatures—wolves threatening to the took out his watch and gazed unsteadily at the dial. No good that, even had his vision been ever so clear. The hands were at rest; the watch, not wound up the night before, was run down.

There were moments when his senses well.

nigh gave way—when the horror came near

ating his reason. Manfully he struggled against it-thoughtfully, and with reliance on Him whose name had so repeatedly passed from his

He was sustained, too, by thinking of a man-one whom God might send to his succor, directing his steps.

Though faint, there was still a hope that

Simeon Woodley might come that way, and About the time alone was he apprehen-

He knew the backwoodsman would be sure to search for, and equally certain to find him. But living or dead? That was

the uncertainty.
Still was there a chance, however slight and this reflection passing through Clancy's mind did something to sustain him.

It determined him to hold out as long as life would allow, to have patience.
So resolved, he did all in his power to

fight off the wolves and frighten the vultures. Fortunately for him, the former were only coyotes, and the latter but turkey-buzzards. Had it been on an African desert, with bearded vultures above and hyena around, his agony would soon have ended. But he knew his enemies and their nature that, despite their predatory habits, both the birds and the beasts were cowardly and craven-both timid as hares-except when the quarry is stricken for them.

They must not know he was thus; and to hinder them he shook his head, rolled his eyes, and shouted.

He only did so at intervals, taking care to economize both his cries and gestures. Otherwise they would soon have ceased to

They stood him in good stead throughout the afternoon, the evening, the sunset, and twilight. Then the vultures went away, and he had only to deal with the wolves. that remained sole masters of the prairie.

He soon found that the change, instead of being favorable, was more likely to prove disastrous. The prairie-wolf, a true jackal. by daylight shy as a fox, at night changes its disposition. Then it becomes emboldened, and will spring upon any prey encountered upon its prowl, if this appear at all

The head, with no body seen attached, had such appearance to the pack of coyotes clustered around it. They had been too long looking at it, too often startled by the sounds that proceeded from it, to regard them any longer with apprehension. The time had arrived for them to spring upon

and tear the strange thing to pieces.

Blending their lugubrious howl—half bark, half bay—they were closing nearer from all sides, preparing for the final as-

One more appeal to Heaven. It might be Again rose the agonized cry: "Oh, God!"

Now in feebler voice; for, with breast confined, he had shouted himself hourse.

But this time, instead of a groan, the apostrophe was succeeded by an exclamation of

As if his appeal had been at last heardheard and responded to—a trampling resounded upon the plain. At the first touch reaching his ear, Clancy could tell it was the hoof-stroke of a horse, and one that was mounted.

Instantly the open jaws were shut, and the threatening crew lost sight of. The coyotes had drawn back, scattering off to a

Clancy's eyes sought the direction from Clancy's eyes sought the direction from which the sound appeared to proceed. He had not long to look before seeing that which confirmed his joy.

On the moonlit plain approached a form, which he easily made out to be that of a man on horseback.

The horseman was riding slowly, as if he had lost his way, or was searching for something.

Suddenly he stopped, as if the group of wolves, or their scattering, had attracted his attention. Then he moved on, and Clancy could see that the horse was heading to-ward himself. His ribs, pressed in by the firmly-trampled earth, almost hindered his heart from pulsating. Still it could feel, and hope, while his head was clear to

The hope was that the man approaching was Simeon Woodley; the thought that it could be no one else. Then his prayer, so oft-repeated, changed to the form of thanksgiving; and instead of crying aloud "Oh, God!" he said, in undertone, equally earnest: "Thank Heaven! thank Heaven!"

By this time the horseman had got close up. Clancy was about to call out to him—

p. Clancy was about to call out to him-pronounce the name "Simeon Woodley." Before he could shape the words he saw what gave him reason to remain silent. The horseman was on the moon side, face and features in shadow. Not so his form,

which was outlined against the sky-clear cut as a silhouette. It was not the figure of Woodley, but that of a man altogether different. And equally different was his behavior to what, under the circumstances, would have been that of the backwoods

The moment he saw the head, apparently bodiless, and the face conspicuous under the clear moonlight, he gave utterance to a shout, a cry of wildest terror! Then, wrenching his horse round, he galloped off over the plain!

Clancy shouted, too; but the shout did not stay the retreating horseman. Instead, it sent fresh fear to his heart and speed to

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

GROPING THE WAY. A SOUTHERN sun rose over the black-jack grove where Richard Darke lay stretched asleep, in drunken slumber. Its rising did not awake him; nor yet the fierce rays when it was higher up in heaven; for the thick follage hindered him from feeling their fervor. He was only awakened by the stamping of his horse, the animal be coming agitated by the stinging of flies.

He had heard the sound several times; but, half-drunk, half-dreaming, had not given heed to it.

When at length aroused, he was still partially inebriate; though sober enough to perceive that he had overslept himself.

He sprung upon his feet, and stared around with an air of bewilderment.

up the night before, was run down.

He glanced skyward, to get sight of the The thick foliage intervened, and he could see the firmament, only in flakes here

and there. He staggered out to the edge of the grove, to obtain a better view. Then the golden orb was before his face; and its rays, dazzling his eyes, almost blinded him. Holding his hand, with spread palm, over his brows, he took note of the sun's altitude. The disk showed about two hours above

the horizon. In making this observation his first thought was that he had slept away so much of the morning.

He reproached himself for having done —adding an oath at his own stupidity. Getting intoxicated had been an act of imprudence; still greater, in going to sleep

There might be unpleasant consequences. What if Borlasse and the band were gone by, leaving him behind—alone? At least two hours of clear daylight, more than time for them to get back to the Mission. Had they got back, and kept on to the rendez-

The reflection made him feel uncomfortable, and he stood, not knowing what to do.
If his robber associates had already passed over the plain, his course would be to hasten after them. But then there might be danger even in this. There was a possibility of others following them at the same time—pursuers? The outraged colonists might be after them—their wrongs urging them to a haste as hot as that the plunderladen pirates could possibly make. Now that he knew Simeon Woodley was in the field, there was a probability that the back-woodsman would be guide to the pursuit; and Richard Darke of old had reason to know something of Woodley's skill as a tracker. Nay, the pursuers might also have gone past! If so, there would be a double risk in his striking out over that treeless

"Two hours of clear daylight! Has there been so much? Confound the watch! Let me have another squint at the sun."
Again shading his eyes, he looked up at

the sky, once more measuring the arc be-tween the yellow disk and the dark line below. A backwoodsman himself, coupled with his late experience on the prairies, enabled him to do this, with as much certainty as the most skilled astronomer.

"No," he at length said, in jubilancy, the tone telling of his satisfaction; "not two liours yet—not quite. About an hour and three-quarters, I should think. Bah! I've been putting myself into a scare for no-thing. I guess they hain't gone by yet."

Again doubting, he continued:
"How am I to know for certain? Not by staying here, unless they're still to come along, which isn't at all certain. Besides, I'm choking with thirst. Half an hour of the hell-fired thing will go well-nigh killing me. I must speak it out of here, one way

or the other.

"Water! Where am I to find it? Not a drop of it on this dry plain! None nearer than the river, and in that direction I

daren't go. What the deuce am I to

"I'll give them another half-hour. Surely they'll be up before that. If they don't, I'll take my chance and ride on to the rendeztake my chance and ride on to the rendezvous; though durned if I know whether I
can find the way. Hang that herse! He's
making noise enough to be heard ten miles
off. I must put an end to that ?'
Going back into the heart of the grove,
he routed the swarming insects, and for a
time kept the horse quiet.
But, thirst still tormenting him, as the
flies did his horse, he could no longer endure it, and again strode out to the selvidge

dure it, and again strode out to the selvidge

of the copse. There, with his glance cast skyward, he made a fresh observation of the sun's altitude. It brought a quicker beating to his heart than that when regarding it before. The golden disk seemed nearer to the horizon! The sun was sinking in the sky, not ascending! He had mistaken west for east.

t was evening, not morning!

A thrill of fear shot through his frame on discovering the mistake he had made. No wonder. Now he felt sure that Borlasse and the band had passed by. And perhaps,

also, pursuers?

"Satan! What am I to do?"

In this profane form did he interrogate

himself.

"If I attempt going on over the plain I may be seen by Sime Woodley and his party. That would be certain death to me. party. That would be certain death to me. From the ugly backwoodsman I need look for no mercy. And if I stay here much longer this curs'd thirst will do the same for

e. Hach! it's stifling me now!
"I must endure it, for all that. I daren't go out of the grove before night; I must stay till there's darkness over the plain. How long will it be "

Again he looks at the sun's disk, now less dazzling; its blaze becoming gradually obscured by the strata of haze overhanging

"In less than an hour the cursed thing will go down. Well, I reckon I can stand it that long. I must."

He strides back to where he has left his

horse; stays there a while; then returns to take another look at the sun and the plain still illumined by its rays. He repeats this maneuver twice, thrice. At his third survey of the sky he sees the god of day sinking down behind the far-off

He only waits for this. He knows that the twilight is short, and will be over while he is adjusting the caparison upon his It is almost past as he climbs into the saddle; quite so when, mounted, he comes out upon the edge of the grove and looks over

the treeless plain. The moon has not yet risen, and only the last lingering rays of twilight empurple the prairie expanse. There is now enough obscurity to give him confidence for going on; and on he rides, as rapidly as he may, taking caution

into account. He does not go far before becoming uncertain as to his course. He knows it should be north, or nearly. On starting out he had the illuminated spot of sky where the sun had been last seen to guide him. With this on his left he had ridden confidently on. But soon the lingering rays disappear from the western horizon, leaving it leaden gray, like the rest of the great circle round and the firmament above him.

He now looks to the stars, searching for the Great Bear. But a white film ascending

point of the compass. Plenty of stars to be seen; constellations

of many names. But he is not enough astronomer to know or take bearings by them. He can only tell the Great Bear and the pointers of the Lesser, neither of which

In the midst of his perplexity a light appears, giving him relief. It is the silvery light of the moon. It thrills him with joy. Strange, too! Soft, sweet, and so like innocence, one might suppose it would sting him grailty according with becomes the suppose. his guilty conscience with keenest re

He is too hardened for that. He thinks not of his crimes, but only of escaping from the dilemma into which the last of them has led him

The moon has given him some clue to his course, and, once more giving his horse the bridle, he moves on. Not far, before seeing something that at-

tracts his attention. Nothing to make him afraid. Only pack of prairie wolves on the plain before him. They are grouped around some ob-ject—no doubt the carcass of an animal. Deer or antelope, which is it? Curiosity would not cause him to turn aside and see. But the wolves are in his way—almost on

the track he is taking.

They scatter off as he comes near. It is but a little thing they are surrounding—not enough to give each a meal—no, not even a

"What the devil is it?"
For the second time asking himself this question, Richard Darke rides up to the

object apparently so insignificant. When close to it he draws suddenly back, giving out a shriek so wildly intoned as to frighten the wolves still further off. Him they need not fear. Before his terrified shout has ceased to reverberate over the plain he is seen galloping off, as if Satan had hold of his horse's tail.

At the same time a voice, that seems to rise out of the earth, is heard vociferating his name, coupling it with the word, "Mur-

(To be continued—commenced in No. 97.)

Dueling in England Half a Century Ago.—Mr. Fox was once engaged in a duel, which had a pleasant termination given to

it by his good humor.

He had made a violent attack in the House upon the Ordnance Department in consequence of some severe calamities arising from the badness of the ammunition and Mr. Adam sent him a challenge. fought the next morning. Fox fired in the air, but his antagonist's bullet hit him on the edge of his waistband, and lodged, with-

out injury to him, in the belt of his thick leathern breeches.

Mr. Fox immediately turned round to his opponent and said: "By Jove, if you had not used ordnance powder, I should have been a deed man."

TO ADVERTISERS. A few Advertisements will be inserted on this page at the rate of fifty cents per line, nonpa-reil measurement.

THE NEW

DOLLY VARDEN

Song Book, No. 31,

Popular, Comic and Sentimental COPYRIGHT SONGS,

WRITTEN BY THE Best Ballad Writers of the Day. CONTENTS :

A garden is my lady's face,
After the opera's over,
And he's got the money,
too,
As I'd nothing else to
do,
Barney, say you'll not forget me,
Blinks "of the staff,"
Busy little feet,
Chicago rediviva,
Don't Judge a man by his
dress,
Down in a coal mine,
Dressed in a Dolly Varden,
Glorianna Jones,
Heaven bless the dear old
fireside,
I'll leave it all to you,
I'm a Paddy Whack, just
larded,
I'm number one,
I've something else to do,
Jessie was a pretty girl,
Jolly Jonathan,
Lillie's good night,
Little Fraud,
Meet me to-might,
My love is shy,
Never go back on your
friend,
Oh! Sam,
One O'Leary's cow,
Over the bars,
Papa, stay home,
I'm
motherless now,
Roll on, roll on, oh billow
of fire!
For sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to
any address, on receipt of price—ten cents.

BEADLE AND COMPANY, Publishers,
93 William Street, N. Y.

5 MYSTERIOUS PICTURES FREE.

YANKEE CLIPPER.—Lively, wide-awake, Rich and Racy Comic Paper, only 25c. a year; 12 Oroide Gold Pens free to every subscriber. Club Agents wanted. Specimen copy, premium list and catalogue of books for stamp. Address CLIPPER, Elsie, Mich.

TRUE TIME FOR \$1. WEEKLY. MAGNETIC TIME-KEEPER, COMPASS AND IN-

Royal Havana Lottery, of Cuba. \$330,000 in Gold drawn every 17 days. Prizes cashed and information furnished by GEO UPHAM, 9 Weybosset St., Providence, R. I. 116-12t

MUSEUM OF WONDERS and eleg CHROMO for 10c. Central Book Co., Garre ville, O.

HOW TO FASCINATE and gain the respect, admiration, undying love and affection of any person you wish. Mailed for 10 cents by O. T. MARTIN, Box 90, Hoboken, N. J. 109-6t. cow.

ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS !-A written Char

A GENTS WANTED.—Agents make more money at work for us than at any thing else. Particulars free. G. Stinson & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

A YOUNG MAIDEN ON THE WAR-PATH!

The Beautiful Terror of the Maumee.

(STAR NOVEL, No. 93.) Now ready, and for sale by all newsdealers; or sent, post-paid, to any address, on receipt of price—Ten Cents.

A ROMANCE OF 1794.

BOOK OF CRICKET AND FOOTBALL.—Being a Complete Guide to Players, and containing all the Rules and Laws of the Ground and Games. GUIDE TO SWIMMING (Illustrated.) Embracing all the rules of the Art for both sexes. By Capt. Philip Peterson.

RIDING AND DRIVING.—A sure guide to correct Horsemanship, with complete directions for the road and field; and a specific section of directions and information for female equestrians. Drawn largely from "Stonehenge's" fine manual, this volume will be found all that can be desired by those seeking to know all about the horse, and his management in harness and under the saddle.

For sale by all newsdealers; or sent, Post-Paid, to any address, on receipt of price, Ten Cents each. BEADLE AND COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, 98 William street, New York.

Wonderful, Unique, Puzzing, Delicious, Cou, strange, Send stamp for postage to ADAMS & CO., 119-4t.d

MYSTERY!—By sending 35c. and date of birth, I will send you a correct picture of your future husband or wife, with name, and date of marriage; also the Mysteries of Love, Courtship and Marriage sent. Address D. C. CUTLER, Carthage, Ills.—118-4t.—118-4t.

EMPLOYMENT for male and female. No money required until goods are sold. Send stamp for Circular. L. FARRINGTON, 30 Laight St., N. Y. 118-31.a

in order—if fairly used—for two years. Nothing like it! This per fect triumph of mechanism will be sent in a neat case, prepaid to a adddress, for only \$1; 3 for \$2. Circulars sent free. Try one. Orde from the Sole American Agents, KINO & CO., Bratilebore, V.

Send Stamp for "Illustrated Book of Wonders." Address B. FOX & CO., 369 Canal street, New York City.

of your whole life, past, present and future, with a beautiful and correct picture, name and address of future husband or wife, by the greatest living astrologer. Inclose 25 cents. State date of birth. Address R. S. LYFORD, Box 42, Jersey City, N. J. 109-12t.*

THE GIRL AVENGER;

FRANK STARR & CO., PUBLISHERS, 41 Platt Street, N. Y.

BOOKS FOR THE SEASON. BASE-BALL PLAYER'S ORGAN FOR 1872.—By HENRY CHADWICK, Eso. Comprising New Rules and Regulations adopted; Proceedings of the Fourteenth Annual Convention of Ball-players; Leading Club Records of 1871; also, the Base-Ball Averages of the principal clubs for 1871.

HAND-BOOK OF CROQUET. A complete guide to the principles and practice of the Game. By Ed-mund Routledge.

YACHTING AND ROWING.—This volume will be found very complete as a guide to the conduct of watercraft, and full of interesting information alike to the amateur and novice.

PEDESTRIANISM — Among the contents of this useful and interesting book are: Training; Treatment in Training; Training for running; Training the Studious; Walking, Running, etc.

DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR.—A complete hand-book of instruction, containing all that a beginner can require to guide him to the entertaining mys-teries of this most interesting and fascinating of

The effect was irresistible. His adversary immediately tendered his hand to Mr. Fox, and in later life they were excellent friends.

ANOTHER TRAGEDY.

BY JOE JOT. JR.

A druggist, getting very tired Of lone life bachelorical, Took Anna for a paragon, And grew quite paragorical.

His love was warm as number six,
His thoughts he could not label,
But while he thought she was a fay,
She thought he was a fable.

One day wi'll spirits volatile
They took a drive together,
He drove his gum Arabic steeds,
And pleasant was the weather.

To her he poured his feelings on And also his devotions; Said he, "I have a darling wish, Along with other notions;

"You know how deeply I in love
Have been precipitated;
Your smile is coal oil to my flame,
And can't be overrated.

"All other thoughts are worldly drugs;
The wish of my affections
Is this—to have you take my name
According to directions."

"At this I myrrh-myrrh, sir," she said;
"Give up your Preparations;
Your own trade bids me to beware
Of worthless imitations!

"You're very homely, too," said she;
"To wed I have exceptions;
If you are tired of living thus,
Go take your own prescriptions."

His hopes resolved to hydrogen, Left him of joy a small sum; The vial of his tears was broke, And he began to balsam.

"Homely? The lovely Annalyze!"
He said, as homeward went he,
Where antidotingly he took
A pint of Spirits Frumenti.

" Fade, fade ye jars of life," he cried, As he grew very merry;
And when his head ceased to revolve,
Then he was stationary.

They laid him gently on the shelf,
'Mid herbs and other dry stuff;
The people laughing sideways said,
"Ah, don't you think he dye-stuff.'

The Rover's Child.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

In a small and illy-furnished apartment, in the city of Savannah, a singular scene was enacted, one autumn night in the year

An aged woman, whose hair was streaked with silver, but whose form promised her many days yet this side of the tomb, held a bright-eyed little boy-baby in her lap. Before her stood a man holding a candle, while beside her knelt a person whose fea-tures and habiliments gave token of a sea-'Do you think he resembles me?" asked

the rover, looking up into the woman's face, while his fingers toyed with the little cherub's dimpled chin.
"His eyes are black, like yours, sir," an-

swered the woman. "But no doubt he looks like his mother."

"Yes, like Elfrida-poor, lost Elfrida!" and a mournful sigh escaped the sailor's lips. "Oh, mother, you don't know how I loved her—no, the world will never know, and this little image of her matchless self she left me when she went away—to spirit-

Hastily the emotional speaker brushed aside the tear that glistened on his cheek, and once more he was the stern man that the world knew so well—the fearless freebooter of the West Indies.

"The night advances, and I must away," he continued, drawing a case of tattooing apparatus from his bosom. "Here, bare his little arm, mother, and we'll stamp him Gerald Andros' child."

The woman obeyed, and upon the babe's snowy skin the rover stamped an indelible cross, crowned with a crescent.

"There!" he cried, when the operation had been performed. "How well he bore the pain! Ah, he's a true Andros, and when he is old enough, he shall sail with me to scenes and deeds that befit the name he bears. Guard well his young life when I am gone," and then he stooped and kissed the laughing face of the child. "Here's money," and he placed a heavy purse in the man's hand, which he grasped to say

Then he turned to the woman, kindly "Good-by, mother," kissed the babe

again, and was gone. When the door closed behind him, the child was returned to his wicker cradle, and the contents of the purse inspected. Golden doubloons rained into the woman's

lap, and drew exclamations of wonder and

surprise from the lips of the aged couple "Yes, we'll guard well the boy—his child, Peter," said the woman, looking up into the old man's face. "Had not Providence guided Gerald Andros hither, we would long since have starved. God grant him a good cruise, and when he returns, Roscoe shall run to meet him." Roscoe shall run to meet him.

"After five long years, in Savannah again!" cried a tall and handsome man, in the prime of manhood, as he sprung from a boat upon the quay of the beautiful Southern mart. "Oh, how my heart yearns to meet my boy—my Roscoe! I wonder if they have taught him to lisp his father's name—if he will run to meet me when they see me approach the old house!"

Thus musing, Gerald Andros, clad in the undress uniform of a marine officer, hurried from the pier, taking no notice of the people who stared at him, and exchanged remarks regarding his precipitate pedes

At length he reached the poorer portion of the city, and, as he neared a crowd congregated before a low sailors' retreat, he

heard these words:
"They'll never catch the villain." "Ketch'im? not much!" said a tall fellow, with an air of self-assurance. "I tell you he was hired to do the job. Some rich fellow has took a fancy to the boy, and old

Grampus refused to give him up, so—"
"What do you say, fellow?" almost shrieked Gerald Andros, whom the conversation had brought to a pause without the crowd. "What's happened to old Grampus and his grandchild? Tell me quickly, or—or—" and his grip tightened on the burly fellow's arm, "or I'll shake you to pieces. "Why, last night some fellar got into old Peter's house—killed both o' the old people,

A groan welled from the sailor's throat.

"It can't be!" he cried, staring into the man's face. "God would never suffer such

a deed to be done "Well, He jest has, as you can see by go ing to old Grampus' house," was the response, and, without' another word, Andros darted away. He forced himself through the crowd that blockaded the portals of the fisherman's home, and his gaze fell upon the dead bodies of the aged couple.

But where was his boy?

The neighbors could tell him but little of the dreadful traggedy—more of its antace.

the dreadful tragedy—more of its antecedents. They knew that a wealthy merchant, from unknown parts, had offered the old couple a goodly sum of money for lit-tle Roscoe; but the golden offer was rejected with indignation. Four nights following this, the deed, whose gory result the rover now gazed upon, was committed. That was all the neighbors knew.

For a while Gerald Andros was near in-

sane with grief, and it was feared by many that tottering reason would desert her throne. But calmness held her own, but with great difficulty, and once more to the world the rover was himself again. For years he searched indefatigably for

his lost boy, and, at the end of each year, he wrote "no success" upon the tablets of

He relinquished the sea altogether, and, rich with the gold of plundered vessels, went to live and lead a better life in New Orleans, where long years before he had buried his child-wife, Elfrida.

"Helena, this is the bitterest hour of my life—oh, God! why have we loved, to part

The beautiful and tearful eyes of the young girl were raised to the handsome face that looked down upon her, and slowly her lips moved to repeat the appropriate lines of the immortal Scottish bard:

"Had we never loved so kindly, Had we never loved so blindly, Never met or never parted, We had ne'er been broken-hearted."

"No, no, Helena," he said, sadly. "Oh, why can I not answer the question your father threw into my teeth yester morn? 'No child of mine,' he said, while I was silent, 'shall wed a man who can not trace his ancestry beyond himself!' There was a bitter sneer in your father's tone, and, unable to reply, I turned away. Oh, Helena, I curse the hour that gave me birth—the day when first we met-and he whose

behind the hollyhocks. When he heard the bitter, denunciatory tones of Wilfred Martin, he could not conquer the passion that thrilled his whole frame, and, springing for-ward, surprised the lovers.

At the hour of eight, the following night, Wilfred Martin and an acquaintance presented themselves beneath the magnolia, through whose boughs the moonlight fell

and covered the ground.

Presently Gerald Andros, with surgeons and a second, appeared, and, in silence, the antagonists faced each other with the deadly dueling-pistol.

Implacable hatred still beamed in the ex-

pirate's eyes, and when the third numeral fell from the second's lips, he touched the trigger with a muttered imprecation.
With a shriek, Wilfred Martin staggered back, and was lowered to the ground by his

Unharmed, Gerald Andros stepped for ward and gazed calmly upon the work of

his pistol.
"The ball has shattered his arm," said one of the surgeons, proceeding to examine Wilfred's wound in the lantern light, and a moment later the sleeve was torn from the

stricken member.
Suddenly Gerald Andros uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sprung to his victim's side. See!" he cried, pointing to a tattoo-mark

above young Wilfred's wound. "I tattooed that arm when he was a babe! He's my All stared upon him, lost in amazement.
"Yes, yes, at last I find my long-lost boy, but stricken by his father's hand. Oh, God, this is thy work—this is one of thy mysterious ways. Bear him to yonder house—he

my son—my rival in love."

They bore Wilfred to a carriage beyond the edge of the cypress swamp, and all were whirled away to Roger Darrell's country

mansion. "He can trace his name further back than himself," cried Gerald Andros, pointing the banker to his son. "My pistol made him Roscoe Andros. Now give him your child—I, his father, am his rival no

Beside the cot of his son sat Gerald An-

up to die by the regular family doctor: and, though there was really nothing remarkably serious in the case, I did not think it necessary so to inform the old Don, who thenceforth persisted in calling me the savior of his only child.

So matters stood, and I had begun to imagine that the worst was over, when, sud-denly, I was aroused to the fact that my troubles had not in reality yet commenced.

I was seated in my office one afternoon, complacently regarding the future, when a sudden tumult arose without. A sharp, rattling volley of fire-arms swept down the narrow street, and, a moment later, the opposing forces, a scouting-party of French soldiers, and a strong body of Cervallio's guerrilleros, met with a shock directly in

front of where I sat.

I saw men falling rapidly on both sides, and, with a sigh, arose and got out my instruments, unrolled lint, cleared the table, and made ready for the work that I saw would have to be performed.

While so engaged, with my back to the door, I heard a slight sound that caused me to look round, and I saw, just within the threshold, a French officer, grievously wounded, leaning against the wall as though

to keep from falling.

Forgetful of all save the suffering man, I stepped quickly to his side, and supporting his tottering form, carried him back into my bedroom, placed him upon the lounge, and went hastily back for the necessary instruments with which to attend his ease.

As I emerged from the bedroom, I found myself face to face with two stalwart, ruffianly-looking guerrillas, who were upholding the bleeding form of another, and whom they deliberately lifted upon and laid out

on the table. Here was a quandary; I saw there was danger in my situation at a glance. The conflict had swept down the street, and was raging several blocks off, and as I knewfull well what the final result would be, namely, the victory of the guerrillas, I trembled in my boots for what would be sure to come when it was known that I had harbored a

hated Frenchman.
Fortunately I had closed the door between the two rooms as I came out, but knowing

"spy," "Frenchman," etc., and then I was dragged out into the street, and forthwith led down to the plaza, or square, to be shot. Matters were fast getting to be serious. I had expected to be roughly handled, and, of course, robbed, for having sheltered the Frenchman, but I hardly thought the vil-lains would shoot me, at such short notice particularly.

in which I caught such words as "traitor,"

However, they were in earnest—that I saw plainly enough. Such fellows are not in the habit of jesting, and I knew that, unless there was some powerful influence exerted in my behalf, and that quickly, I would inevitably—to use a familiar phrase

-"go under."
Down the street I was marched, a guard upon either side, with the remainder bringing up the rear, while, out from the houses upon the line of march, poured the excited populace—among whom the rumor had spread that a spy was to be executed.

When they saw, however, who it was, the tide turned in my favor, and from all sides

cries for pardon arose.

Totally unmoved, the guerrillas moved on, and soon the great square was reached. Here the preparations were few, and alarm-

ingly brief.

I was led to the blank wall of an adobe house, my back placed against it, the guard

house, my back placed against it, the guard stepped out upon either hand with a brief injunction to remain quiet, and the file that was to fire drew up some eight or ten feet in front of my position.

It would be useless for me to say that I was not frightened. I was actually paralyzed with the awful peril of the moment.

I heard the command to "make ready," and closed my great to quickly open them.

and closed my eyes, to quickly open them again as I caught the sound of a voice that was familiar, pleading for, or rather

commanding, the stay of the execution.

It was my old friend, the Don, whose daughter I had so successfully treated, and the girl was also there, both hands clinging to the ruffianly commander's arm, adding her voice to that of her father's.

For a while the fellow hesitated, and then the populace began to press forward, offer-ing ransom in any sum if my life was

Those last struck the key-note. I saw

Those last struck the key-note. I saw the fellow prick up his ears, and in five minutes the bargain was concluded.

Five hundred dollars in gold was the price paid for me, and it was made up, and handed over in a marvelously short time.

Well, I was released, with a caution, however; and so great was the effect of that caution that, despite the opposition manifested against my departure or the offers of fested against my departure, or the offers of protection, etc., etc., I bundled up my traps,

protection, etc., etc., 1 bundled up my traps, bade good-by to the old Don and his daughter, and "struck out" at double quick for a spot more salubrious.

My experience of "doctoring" in Mexico was of brief duration, but it was lively while it lasted. At least I thought so.

Beat Time's Notes.

POPULAR DEFINITIONS.

WISDOM-the science of hiding our ig-Industry—a good thing to impress upon

the mind of your hired man.
"Putting a head on him"—trying to knock his off. Home—a place of popular resort during

Love—a disease of the imagination. Bachelor-a man who knows a thing or

Husband—a man who didn't.
Disinterested civility—asking a dun to

Early impressions—little fingers in the dough Sincerity—an outer garment for general

wear, very much out at the elbows.

Amusement--falling in love, and being kicked out by the old man. Alms—money which you give heartily to the beggar to get rid of him.

"I will "—a wife's first words.

"I won't "—her last words.

A queer man-a dealer in counterfeit

Fool—the only truly happy man.
Universe—the small part of the world outside of Boston.

Reverence—a peculiar feeling you have toward a very large man who, after kicking you once or twice in mistake for another man, apologizes to you.

Humility—the art of wearing a fifteen-

hundred-dollar shawl with gentleness. Statesman-a something that is not what Hermit-a good man out of society.

Neighbor—your nearest enemy. Kindness—a human weakness. Ridiculous—cutting a piece out of the back of your coat to patch the front.

Smart man-the fellow who gets ahead of you in a trade Compassion—the feeling of sympathy

which prompts us to sigh over the misfortunes of another and say he ought to have had better luck. Politeness—asking your visitors to stay

for dinner. Instantly from within came the stunning Aggravation—their doing so.

Forgiveness—a way we have of further humiliating our enemies. Bliss-living in the same house with another family.

Poetical—putting your ear to an oyster-shell to catch the music of the sea. Suspicious—going to bed with your boots Doubtful-an imaginary place where a

good many men's money comes from.

Remorse—a feeling that seldom annoys

Secret" meetings - women's sewing

Leaven of life-'leven children. Modesty—a cosmetic.
Patriotism—the enthusiasm which you

feel for your native land when you find that your grocer has given you short weight in your butter, or your shoemaker has given you long measure in your boots. Calamity-a man dying from a rush of

brains to his head. Many other indefinite and indefinable definitions new tumorous to mention crowded out.

JUSTICE is represented with her eyes tied up, which is the reason so few men get their necks tied up.

A DARKEY told another, who was very gassy, that it would have been a good thing for him if they hadn't turned so much of his head into mouth.

BEAT TIME.



our lives."
"Yes," she murmured, "were it not for Gerald Andros—whose hairs are white as snow-we might be happy. I believe that he has led father to reject you because—because, Wilfred—" "Because I can not name my parents,"

he finished, with cutting bitterness. "Then we part—never to meet again. You will wed that old man. May, with all her flowers, will recline in the chilling arms of December. For my sake try to love Gerald Andros, girl."

"But how can I, Wilfred, when they say

that—that—'

"That Gerald Andros has been a pirate, whose hands have been dyed in innocent blood-a man whose sins an eternity of repentance can never wash away. And to think, Helena, that you are to wed this

"Hold, poisoner!" cried a loud voice and a man sprung from behind a clump of bushes crowned with flaming hollyhocks. "You poison Helena against me, and, by the throne of Jehovah! you shall atone for the insult!"

"As you please, sir," boldly answered the young man, impassionately, returning the fierce look that Gerald Andros shot at

him.
"Then to-morrow night meet me beneath the magnolia—your trysting-place—in yonder swamp," and his quivering finger described a dark line of trees visible from the spot where they stood.

"I'll meet you there, sir," said Wilfred Martin, quickly, "and God grant that the Martin, quickly, "and God grant that the pistol may not fail." "Oh, sirs, do not shed each other's blood!" cried Helena Darrell, throwing herself between the two men. "Desist for

my sake; I will become your wife, Gerald Andros—I will love you, though it break my heart—only do not meet beneath the magnolia!" She pleaded in vain. Gerald Andros was obdurate, and Wilfred terminated the scene by turning suddenly upon his heel and

striding away. For years Gerald Andros had been an exemplary citizen of the Crescent City. He tried to forget the life he had led in bygone days, and but two things remained to complete his happiness—the restoration of his ost son, and a woman's love.

The former he had given up all hopes of ever obtaining, and the latter he sought in the heart of beautiful Helena Darrell. He knew that she loved Wilfred Martin, and he resolved to displace the accepted suitor. He knew that Roger Darrell, the banker, despised a child of shame, and such a cog-nomen he stamped upon his rival, with

what sucess the reader has seen.

Upon the night above recorded he sought
Helena, and hearing voices in the garden,
he hastened thither, and secreted himself

shadow—whose gold, has come between our lives."

"Yes," she murmured, "were it not for drow, and Helen Darrell; and they never left his side until he was convalescent.

Roscoe—Wilfred Martin no longer—

of course possessed no recollection of his father. He had an indistinct remembrance of the night of his abduction, and murder of the old couple in Mobile. In New York a wealthy man named Martin gave him his name; but when he tried to induce him to become one of a band of counterfeiters, the young man fled, and took up his abode in New Orleans.

When he recovered from his wound, he wedded Helena Darrell, and Gerald Andros, happy at last, lived to a green old age in the Crescent City, amid the smiles of merry

The murder of the Grampuses still remains enveloped in mystery, and never, till the seals of the great book be broken, will that mystery be unraveled.

Recollections of the West.

Between two Fires. BY CAPT. BRUIN ADAMS.

THE opening of the summer of 1866 found me, as I fondiy hoped, permanently located in the Mexican town of Parras, whither I had gone to practice my profession—medi-cine—having been lured thither by a golden prospect held out by some parties who were presumed to know all about the matter. At that time Parras and the country immediately surrounding, was what might appro-priately be termed "debatable ground," priately be termed "debatable ground," that is, first in possession of the Imperial-ists and then the Liberals, and again, in the

adjacent mountains and forests. I had been warned that my undertaking was a hazardous one, as all foreigners were looked upon with distrust by the natives, and regarded jealously by the French; while, as regarded the guerrilleros, it was but a mere matter of chance whether you would

absence of both, held under sway by the nu-

merous bands of guerrillas who infested the

escape with life or not. But the field was a most promising one, as it is a well known fact that a Mexican will travel a hundred miles to obtain the services of an American physician, when there are plenty of native ones at his very

And so it proved in my case. To use a common, but forcible phrase, I was fairly coining money; and, aside from some slight inconveniences, such as being dragged up for examination by every body of troops that chanced to come in, I got along far better than I had hoped to do.

I was fortunate enough in the outset to make a firm friend of an influential and very wealthy Mexican, by saving the life of his only daughter after she had been given the prying habits of these gentry of the mountains, I expected momentarily to see them start on an exploring expedition that would quickly bring matters to a focus.

The wounded Frenchman, I knew, would be sacrificed the moment he was discovered.

and it now devolved upon me, not only for

his sake, but my own as well, to prevent

their entering the bedroom. Following an idea that suggested itself. I set the two fellows to work stripping off the wounded man's superfluous garments, bid-ding one to hold his head in a certain position, and the other to chafe his feet, as the only means to preserve life until I could get ready to operate.

The Mexican was desperately, in fact, mortally wounded—that I saw at a glance; but this fact I did not see proper to communicate just then. They must be made to believe that, with their assistance, his life could be assed. could be saved. Rapidly getting my instruments in hand, I prepared to probe for, and if possible, remove the ball, when, like a thunder-clap,

an exclamation of pain resounded from the other room. " Mon Dieu !" said the voice, and quick as thought the two guerrillas dropped their comrade, drawing each a pistol, and, without a word, rushed to the door, kicked it open, and entered.

other, and then they again appeared, dragging the lifeless form of the Frenchman between them. Without yet speaking, though I saw by their countenances that a storm was threatening, they carried the body to the door leading to the street, and threw it out upon the sidewalk with as little ceremony as

report of a pistol, quickly followed by an-

ments, I had forgotten the bleeding man upon the table, but, as they turned to re-enter, my eye fell upon the patient. The momentary neglect had been fatal, or rather it had hastened the result that would have come later, and the fellow was dead.

With a perfect howl of rage, for they evi-

though it had been a pig.

Entirely absorbed in watching their move-

dently thought that I had murdered their comrade, they threw themselves upon me, and bore me to the floor. Fortunate, indeed, was it that their huge horse pistols were empty, or I would assuredly have been shot instanter. As it was, one of them drew his stiletto, and was on the point of stabbing me in the throat, when a shout from the street caused him to

stay his hand, and the next moment the room was full of the mountain freebooters. A hasty command from a tall, villainous-looking fellow, whose gaudy dress and equipments, together with his loud, over-bearing tones, declared him to be the leader, caused my two captors to sheathe their weapons, and lift me to my feet.

A hurried, confused conversation ensued.